

Greater Chan King

HENRY RAEDER

DEARBORN THEATRE,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,





GREATER THAN KING.



OLIVER CROMWELL.
(After Portrait by Sir Peter Lely.)

11

[illegible]

Figure 1 is a line graph showing the 'Number of correct responses' (Y-axis, 0 to 100) across two phases: 'Pre' and 'Post' (X-axis). There are two data series: 'Control' and 'Patients'. The 'Control' series starts at approximately 85 at 'Pre' and drops to approximately 75 at 'Post'. The 'Patients' series starts at approximately 75 at 'Pre' and rises to approximately 85 at 'Post'. Error bars are shown for each data point.

1.

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS,
TWO COPIES RECEIVED
APR. 10 1901
COPYRIGHT ENTRY
Mar. 30, 1901
CLASS D XXa. No.
283
COPY B.

PS 3535
.A21 G7
1901

COPYRIGHTED 1901.

All rights reserved. Performances forbidden and right of presentation reserved.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

A PAGE OF THE PROGRAM.

DEARBORN THEATRE

W. W. TILLOTSON, Manager.

THIRD SEASON

DEARBORN STOCK COMPANY.

Beginning Sunday, March 17, 1901,

GREATER THAN KING

A Romantic Play in Four Acts,

by HENRY RAEDER

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

OLIVER CROMWELL	{ Originally....JAMES E. WILSON
	{ Subsequently.HOWELL HANSEL
SIR JOHN MAYNARD, A Royalist....	CHAS. W. TERRIS
RICHARD MAYNARD, His Son.....	EDWARD MACKAY
FATHER AMBROSE, A Jesuit.....	HUGH FORD
DUNCAN, A Follower of Cromwell...	GARDNER CRANE
EXODUS TREAT, Cromwell's Secretary,	WM. H. EVARTS
MORRIS, Servant to John Maynard.....	WM. DILLS
PETER, Servant at Barbara's Inn...	HARRY O. STUBBS
LORD RICHMOND.....	W. H. ENGLISH
JOHN, Servant to Richard Maynard,	JAMES A. RUSSELL
SERVANT to Cromwell.....	KNOX I. GIFFIN
LADY CROMWELL, Cromwell's Wife.	MADGE GORDON
ELIZABETH CROMWELL, Her Daughter,	MAMIE RYAN
LADY CLAIRE.....	GRACE REALS
ANNE, Sir John Maynard's Daughter.....	
.....	NANNETTE FRANCIS
BARBARA, Keeper of the Inn.....	LOUISE RIAL
Courtiers, Ladies, Servants, Soldiers, Etc.	

SAMUEL M. FORREST, Stage Director.

Scenery by BUSS & SHEPPARD.

Dearborn Theatre Orchestra under the direction of
MR. GEO. KALBITZ.





GREATER THAN KING.

ACT I.

Scene: The hall of the country seat of Sir John Maynard. A door on each side of stage in front; fireplace at center-back; to the right of same large window, and to the left of same main entrance. Table with chairs at right side of stage; large arm-chair at left side of stage; sideboard and other furniture.

Time: Late afternoon, July 2, 1644. [*As curtain rises no one is on stage; a light thunder shower is blowing up, which slams one of the casement windows. Morris, an old servant, stooping, enters hall from Left and goes to windows and closes them. As he turns, a young lady, the daughter of the house, enters from Right.*]

ANNE: [*A sweet young girl about seventeen years old, of delicate form and refined features.*] I thought I heard a noise; did you hear it Morris?

MORRIS: It was only the casement blowing to my lady; a sudden storm has come up, and surely we need the rain. It has been a very dry season, [*going to the fire-place and then, thinking for a moment*] though I have known drier.

ANNE: [*At window watching the storm; the rain beats against the window; low, distant thunder is heard.*] How the rain beats down; have you had word from the village to-day Morris?

MORRIS: [*Comes to front of stage with poker and tongs, with which he gesticulates.*] Yes, my lady; they do say that the siege of York has been lifted; that the Earl of Leven has fled and Prince Rupert is in hot pursuit. There will be great fighting soon. The Parliament soldiers will have their fill when Prince Rupert once gets at them; but there be those who say that Lord Fairfax and Lord Leven be mighty powerful, and a man called Oliver Cromwell, a canting wretch, has been drilling his men with guns and prayers until they know not whether they be soldiers or preachers, but Lord! 'Twill do them no good, for I've seen the king's men, and a finer lot afoot and ahorse never marched through the country, and I have seen many soldiers in my time—but one should not be too certain—

ANNE: [*Who has been busy at table.*] But have you no real news Morris? Have you not heard from Richard?

MORRIS: Not a word. There be those who think that might should not make right, and that the ancient charter of King John has been violated by King Charles, and that the Parliament will not bide with it.

ANNE: [*Throughout pays little attention to Morris' talk, but appears absorbed, nervous and anxious*] I know naught of these things; but this war, what suffering it will bring! [*Goes to window and opens same.*]

MORRIS: I have a cousin who be in London and hears much talk in the coffee-houses about the Roundheads and Hampden and Cromwell and others, but I think the king be right, for he is put in authority by Almighty God, and it certainly would seem—

ANNE: [*Interrupting Morris' endless talk. She has been at the window listening, has opened the window and*

the distant boom of cannon is heard. The rain has almost ceased.] MORRIS, MORRIS, listen! I hear a strange sound, it certainly is not thunder.

MORRIS: [*Goes to window very excitedly.*] It be cannon, I know it, I heard it afore. Listen! it sounds as from Long Marston.

SIR MAYNARD: [*Enters from Right and goes to window. He is a man sixty years of age, and though somewhat querulous of soldierly bearing.*] Do you hear that? It's the sound of cannon, a battle is on. Oh, were I but a score years younger, I would be in the thick of it! But Richard will uphold the ancient valor of our house; we are a fighting family and he is a strong and eager lad. Listen! The firing is becoming heavier. Ah, a curse on these stiffened joints. [*Sits in arm-chair Left. Morris goes to window and during following stands listening.*]

ANNE: [*Standing near her father.*] But think father of the dead and wounded, the homes that will be desolate, and Richard, Richard, my brother. Oh, I cannot bear to think of it! [*Breaks down crying.*]

SIR MAYNARD: Be quiet child, a man may fight many battles without serious hurt. Your grandfather fought in Flanders and lived to sit beside his fire-side, his age fourscore and more, to often tell about it and I your father have seen men fall and lived to regret this cursed weakness. At the worst death on the battlefield is better than to slowly rot at home.

ANNE: Oh, but the horror of this war! Englishmen face Englishmen, brother against brother, father against son.

SIR MAYNARD: There was no other way. They would make a slave of a king with their palaverings, so King Charles raised his standard and loyal

men flocked to it as they always must. [Anne has gone to window.]

ANNE: I hear the firing still. Oh, the suspense is unbearable! Go Morris, send to the village and see whether there is any news.

MORRIS: [*At window.*] Someone is entering at the gate—it is Father Ambrose.

SIR MAYNARD: [*Going to window.*] Go, fetch him Morris; he may bear news, though it cannot be much as yet. [*Morris goes out main entrance.*] The storm is clearing and the sun is setting in a blood-red sky. Look, Anne, how the poplars stand against it like grim sentinels.

ANNE: How fresh and balmy the air is after the shower. Oh, how can men kill each other! [*Only an occasional sound of cannon is now heard. Anne kneels at chair Left.*] Oh, Virgin Mary, Mother of God! Save my brother, save him and I will burn thee many candles. [*She is interrupted by entrance of Morris with Father Ambrose at main entrance. Anne rises, then kneels for benediction.*]

SIR MAYNARD: Ah! Father Ambrose, what news, what news? [*Morris exits at main entrance.*]

AMBROSE: Peace be with you! A man just from Long Marston says the armies face each other at the moor. It was not expected that the fight would be on to-day, but the neighboring people are deserting their homes in wild panic for fear of the victors, be they who they may. The siege of York is raised, the Roundheads are in full retreat. Ah, 'tis but reckless folly to risk all upon the fortunes of battle. [*Goes back to fireplace.*]

SIR MAYNARD: [*Standing at table.*] There can be no risk, and how else would you put down this rebellion?

AMBROSE: [*Leaving fireplace.*] I would strike at the leaders of it. I would have the chief traitors removed; that man Cromwell would be the first to go.

ANNE: Oh! You mean that you would have them assassinated?



ACT I.—FATHER AMBROSE AND ANNE.

AMBROSE: Do not use such strong words, my dear lady.
[*Anne goes to window.*]

SIR MAYNARD: [*Crossing to Left.*] Murder is murder whatever you call it, and breeds murder. Would you make us a nation of cut-throats?

AMBROSE: On the contrary 'tis you who would plunge the whole nation into bloody conflict, to burn, to ravage, to kill. I would have a few men executed, peace is restored and thousands of lives are saved.

SIR MAYNARD: And who would remove the leaders? Who would be their executioner?

AMBROSE: Every public man has his enemy, some man who thirsts to avenge a private wrong, fancied or real, and values his life at naught in comparison. Find that man and there is your executioner.

SIR MAYNARD: But why select so obscure a person as Cromwell as the one to be removed?

AMBROSE: [*Back of table.*] Because he of all men will be heard from. I have studied him. He possesses uncouth strength coupled with cunning, a singular combination of pious fanaticism and common sense. He is by far the most powerful man of his party—the Puritan party—therefore would I strike him down. [*Goes to window, stands listening.*]

ANNE: [*To Ambrose.*] I do not understand about the quarrels and charges between king and parliament, but I love Richard—[*going to her father*] father, we have always been playmates, and were never parted until Richard went to London to become a soldier. 'Twould break my heart should harm befall him.

SIR MAYNARD: [*Taking Anne's hands in his.*] Yes, yes, I know.

ANNE: He is but a youth of nineteen and to think of him in danger, father, it is more than I can bear. [*Crying.*]

SIR MAYNARD: Be quiet, child, or you'll make a soft hearted old fool of me. [*It is growing dark gradually.*]

ANNE: Oh, how long will it be before we know?

SIR MAYNARD: No one can tell, but I venture that the traitors are in full flight now.

ANNE: But to wait and wait without news, how can I bear it!

AMBROSE: [*At window.*] Someone is riding up the road in hot haste. [*Anne and Sir Maynard run to window and all look out.*]

SIR MAYNARD: Who is it, Anne, who is it? Your young eyes should recognize him.

ANNE: 'Tis too dark. He is crossing the bridge at the lodge now.

AMBROSE: He rides fast, a bearer of good news.

SIR MAYNARD: Now he is hidden by the poplars, he will be here immediately.

MORRIS: [*Enters quickly at main entrance, all go to him excitedly.*] Richard's man John is coming up the road waving his hat. Ah, he brings good news of victory, I warrant ye. But we must not be too certain of it. I have known of instances— [*Noise outside. Enter John at main entrance, followed by several servants, male and female. Other servants enter at other doors. He is dusty and disheveled and out of breath. He sits in chair placed for him at center of stage by Ambrose. All surround him, but at first he cannot speak. A servant lights candles.*]

SIR MAYNARD: The news, man, the news.

AMBROSE: Speak, man, speak.

ANNE: Richard, is he well?

JOHN: [*Nods head and gasps.*] A drink, a drink.
[*Morris rushes to sideboard, fills a mug and hands it to John.*]

ANNE: And now for the love of God speak, man!
Richard is alive and well?

JOHN: Ha, ha, how they ran, the canting hypocrites.
They scattered and we among them.

ANNE: [*Interrupting.*] But Richard, Richard.

JOHN: Is safe, at least he was when I last saw him.
Ride for home, John, he said and carry the glorious
news. Ah, it was rare sport to see the churls bite
the dust.

SIR MAYNARD: And my son in the thick of it, no
doubt.

JOHN: [*Rises.*] Such fighting I never saw before.
We had but to rush among them and they in panic
made slight resistance.

SIR MAYNARD: Richard was no laggard, I warrant
you.

JOHN: 'Twas all over in a few minutes. Victory as-
sured, I came on as fast as I could, but at the South-
ern creek the bridge was down so I went beyond
by the ford, else had I been here before.

SIR MAYNARD: Morris, Morris, pour out the ale,
we'll drink to the king's health and perdition to the
Roundheads. [*To Anne, taking her to the door Right.*]
Anne, my girl, you must be tired, go to your room
now child and rest.

ANNE: I will go father, but call me at once should
there be more news of Richard. [*Exits Right. Ale
is brought and distributed.*]

SIR MAYNARD: I drink to the king, King Charles!
May he be victorious over his enemies and reign
long over his loyal subjects.

AMBROSE: And I to the confusion of parliament and of
those who prate of their rights and privileges, and

above all perdition to that man Cromwell. [*All drink. Noise is heard outside.*]

SIR MAYNARD: What is that? [*All listen. Enter Richard at main entrance in dilapidated condition, his whole appearance speaking of despair. His sword falls from his hand; Father Ambrose places it on table. Richard is a youth of nineteen with smooth face and red hair; he wears the dress of a cavalier officer.*]

ALL: Richard! [*Richard sinks into chair, Center.*]

SIR MAYNARD: Speak, speak, what has happened?

RICHARD: I fought to the last; I tried to stop the flight. 'Twas of no use.

SIR MAYNARD: [*Turning to servants.*] Leave us, all of you. [*Servants exit at different doors. Sir Maynard turns to Richard.*] Now speak boy, in God's name speak, how and why came you here?

RICHARD: [*Rises supporting himself on chair.*] I came by the rear gate and the garden; they were pursuing me, but I managed to elude them.

SIR MAYNARD: Pursuing! Elude! A fugitive! John told us of a victory.

RICHARD: I know, I know, that was at first. We rode at them and scattered them. It seemed like hunting the hares to see them run for cover.

AMBROSE: And you gave chase?

RICHARD: Aye, that we did with a right good will; and Prince Rupert, he was here and there and everywhere and his life-guards with him.

SIR MAYNARD: [*Impatiently.*] We have heard all that, but what then, what then?

AMBROSE: Sir, let him tell it his own way.

ANNE: [*Enters Right. Embraces Richard.*] Oh Richard, Richard, you are safe. Thank God, thank God!

SIR MAYNARD: [*Taking her away from Richard*] Be still child, he brings bad news.

AMBROSE: Go on Richard, you but try our patience.

RICHARD: We swept across the field and the enemy's hosts scattered as before a storm.

SIR MAYNARD: But you have once told all that, and then—

RICHARD: But when we returned from the mad pursuit we found the field in possession of the enemy. Cromwell's men held it, and Cromwell himself at the head of his men shouting: "Truth and peace" and "upon them, upon them," and we with the cry "God and the king" flung our horse at their ranks. But they, great God, had captured and turned our own guns upon us. [*He turns toward back of stage despairingly. Ambrose replaces chair at table.*]

SIR MAYNARD: Yes, yes, but what then, what then—

RICHARD: [*Turning.*] Rupert's guards fought like mad men, but they might as well have flung themselves against walls of stone. For there stood Cromwell's soldiers and would not budge and our men fell before their fire, and then on they came, like a tidal wave, and pushed us before them. We rallied again and again, but still on they came. We gathered for a final blow and our horse swept forward, growing in power as they threw themselves upon the foe. 'Twas all in vain, we could not shake their iron front and then— then—

SIR MAYNARD: Well, well—

RICHARD: All fled. [*Throws himself in chair at table.*]

AMBROSE. [*Back of table.*] Boy, you are mad! Didn't John just bring the news of victory?

SIR MAYNARD: Fled? And you with them? A curse on such cowardice. Oh, that a son of mine should turn his back upon the enemy and live to tell it!

ANNE: [*Running to Sir Maynard.*] Oh father, father, Richard fought bravely.

SIR MAYNARD: A stain upon our house; the king defeated and a Maynard who fought for him lives to tell the story!

AMBROSE: Be reasonable Sir, the boy has but won his spurs. He lives to do battle again for his king.

MORRIS: [*Enters hastily at main entrance.*] Troopers are coming through the garden gate. I fear they be enemies.

ANNE: Oh, Richard they are pursuing you, you must hide quickly.

SIR MAYNARD: [*His entire manner changed.*] Yes boy, quickly to the chamber under the tower.

RICHARD: No father, I will meet them here. I will show you that I am no coward.

SIR MAYNARD: My boy, my boy forgive me; 'twas but the irritation of the moment, the sudden disappointment that caused my hasty speech. Resistance would be folly.

ANNE: Oh I beg you, I beg you, Richard, lose not a moment! [*Sir Maynard and Anne are forcing Richard toward door Left.*]

SIR MAYNARD: Begone my boy; I know thou art brave; your country will need strong arms like thine. Make haste.

RICHARD: But I cannot leave you all unprotected.

AMBROSE: They will not harm us alone. But you here, their vengeance will fall on us all.

SIR MAYNARD: [*Noise is heard outside.*] Quick Richard, they are coming. [*Richard exits in haste Left followed by Morris. The servants enter again, badly frightened, and cower to Right of stage.*]

SIR MAYNARD: [*Taking Anne toward door Right.*] Go to your room Anne.

ANNE: No father, no; my place is here at your side. [*Loud noise heard outside. Duncan and four soldiers enter violently at main entrance. Duncan is a man about forty-five years old, a rough sergeant of Cromwell's horse; he and his men show in their appearance the struggle of battle they have passed through.*]

FIRST SOLDIER: Never fear, we will find him.

SECOND SOLDIER: Here they all are.

DUNCAN: [*To Sir Maynard, truculently.*] Sir!

SIR MAYNARD: Sir to you, and who are you?

DUNCAN: We be of Cromwell's horse—a fugitive from Marston is hiding here, a damned Papist. Deliver him to us.

SIR MAYNARD: If he be here, take him.

DUNCAN: By Jehovah we will, and if we have to smoke him out.

AMBROSE: [*Facing Duncan.*] We are in your power, we have made no resistance, we are peaceable—

DUNCAN: Be still, servant of anti-Christ, or I'll tear out thy smooth tongue for thee. Where is the man? [*Going to door Right and opening it violently, then returning, sees sword on table.*] Ah! here—his sword—he is in the house. Speak, sir, is he here?

SIR MAYNARD: You have just said so.

DUNCAN: [*Crossing to his soldiers.*] Then deliver him to us, or by all that is holy I will—

SIR MAYNARD: [*Defiantly.*] You will, you knave, what will you? You dare to threaten me and I—

ANNE: [*Going to her father.*] Father, father, don't anger them.

AMBROSE: I beg of you men—

DUNCAN: [*Drawing his pistol.*] If it were not for thy white locks I'd—

SIR MAYNARD: Enough of this. [*Looking at Duncan.*] It seems to me you are the soldier once in my regiment whom I did severely chastise for disgraceful conduct.

DUNCAN: Yes, I am that man; I still bear the scars of—

ANNE: [*Clinging to Sir Maynard.*] Father, father, what are you doing? Remember we are in their power.

SIR MAYNARD: [*To Duncan.*] Go now, leave this place before you disgrace it.

DUNCAN: [*In ferocious anger.*] Seize him. We'll settle the old score now. Seize him men. [*Sir Maynard stands between his people and Duncan. He has lost all appearance of weakness or age and stands before the soldiers a grand old man.*]

SIR MAYNARD: Stand back! [*Duncan, as soldiers hesitate, roughly pushes Anne aside. The soldiers then seize Sir Maynard.*]

ANNE: [*To Duncan.*] Oh, spare him! spare him!

DUNCAN: And now my fine bird with ruffled feathers, we will know where that traitor son of yours is, or by the eternal God your life shall answer for his. [*Anne throws herself in front of Duncan, is roughly thrown down by him and falls fainting to the floor. The soldiers lead out Sir Maynard, followed by Dun-*

can and then by all the servants, frightened and whispering.]

AMBROSE: [*Raising Anne's head.*] Poor girl, poor girl—they cannot mean to kill him! Morris! Morris! Help—your mistress! [*Morris enters from Left.*] Here Morris, take care of your mistress. [*Ambrose exits quickly. Morris kneels and holds Anne's head on his lap.*]

MORRIS: My poor, poor lady; come, come they have gone. They will not hurt you. Oh, that I should live to see this.

RICHARD: [*Entering quickly.*] Have they gone? [*Sees Morris and Anne.*] Anne, they have killed her?

MORRIS: No, no it is only a swoon.

RICHARD: Thank God. [*Richard and Morris place Anne in arm-chair, Richard looking about.*] Where is my father?

MORRIS: I don't know. I was out. When I came back Father Ambrose was here with her ladyship. He left a moment ago. [*One shot is heard, Richard goes to window.*]

RICHARD: What was that? [*They listen. Father Ambrose enters. Richard sees him.*] Speak man, where is my father? [*Ambrose is silent.*] Where is he? I must to him.

AMBROSE: [*Raising his hands*] No, no.

RICHARD: Would you have me leave him at the mercy of those ruffians? [*Struggles with Ambrose who shakes him off.*]

AMBROSE: * Stop. It is too late.

RICHARD: Too late—They have ——

AMBROSE: Yes, he would not betray you and then—
God pity you my son.

RICHARD: [*Struggling between tears and anger, no heroics and boyish withal.*] I'll after them. I'll have their cowardly lives. Oh, had I but known I would rather have died than ——— Oh father, my father—I'll follow them and strike down the murderous cut-throats. [*Taking sword from table.*]

AMBROSE: 'Twere useless, they are five to one.

RICHARD: I would sell my life dearly.

AMBROSE: No my son, you must not do this, 'twould serve no end.

RICHARD: What would you have me do?

AMBROSE: Let your vengeance fall on him who commands these cut-throats. [*Then impressively but not theatrically.*] Strike down Cromwell.

END OF ACT I.





ACT II. - COURT OF COUNTRY INN, NEAR HUNTINGDON.



ACT II.

Time: Ten years later. A day in summer.

Scene: Court of a Country Inn near Huntingdon. Inn on Right, stable on Left of stage, hedge at rear with opening center; view of country beyond. [*As curtain rises there is heard the noise of a quarrel inside of inn. Then, suddenly, a drunken man is shot out from the main door of the inn as if fired from a catapult. Barbara appears in main door of inn. Barbara is a woman cast in a large mould, strong, capable and warm-hearted. Peter, a loutish serving man, enters from rear and stands sheepishly looking at the man who was ejected.*]

BARBARA: Out with thee for a drunken vagabond, and don't thee show thy face within these walls again. Home to thy good woman and children to whom thou'rt a lasting disgrace. Now be gone. [*Man exits. To Peter:*] Be spry Peter. [*She is arranging tables, one Right and one Left and placing chairs.*]

PETER: It is always "Be spry," and "Here Peter" and "There Peter."

BARBARA: What be thee muttering to thyself?

PETER: I be saying how fine the weather be for the harvest.

BARBARA: It sounded more like thee were grumbling as usual.

PETER: [*Walking about.*] And it is up early and it is up late, and would ye expect a man to be soft man-

nered and say: "By your leave lady," and "It please you lady," and me the only man about the house since master died.

BARBARA: Now stop thy everlasting talk and get thy work done. Thou art but the fraction of a man, if it be manly to do one's work honestly and well and without grumbling.

PETER: Well, well, better a master I say than a mistress who knows not what a man's work be.

BARBARA: Go to the stable and make ready for the traveler's horse; there's man's work for thee. [*Barbara takes Peter by ear and leads him toward stable. Peter slowly goes into stable. As he passes out Elizabeth's head is seen above the hedge at rear.*]

ELIZABETH: [*A slender girl of eighteen, full of life and spirits, a thorough madcap with a soul capable of deep feeling.*] Pst. [*Hides behind hedge.*]

BARBARA: [*Looks about and sees nothing.*] What might that be?

ELIZABETH: Pst. [*Hides again.*]

BARBARA: Ah! It surely can be only Bet, the little minx. [*Aloud.*] A plague on people that go around bothering honest folk with their pranks instead of staying at home and playing with their dolls, the hussies.

ELIZABETH: [*Enters from rear, laughing and running to Barbara.*] Oh, thou wicked, scolding, dear old nursie. I will stay at home and play with my dollies and never come to see such a cross old nursie again. [*Peter enters, looks on open-mouthed.*]

BARBARA: [*Trying to seize Elizabeth, who evades her, she runs after her and finally catches her.*] Ah, now I have you.



ACT II.—PETER AND ELIZABETH.

PETER: Haw, haw.

BARBARA: What be thee doing there, lazy bones, be-gone or I will—[*Threatens Peter.*]

ELIZABETH: Don't be hard on Peter, he is my-sweet-heart and is going to take me to the Fair. Art thou not, Peter?

PETER: Haw, haw.

BARBARA: A nice figure he would cut, such a fine gentleman. [*Seizes a broom and chases Peter who runs off at back.*] [*Barbara mops forehead with apron.*]

ELIZABETH: [*Laughs.*] Now, nursie dear, thou hast got so warm; we musn't lose our tempers; it isn't good for us.

BARBARA: Sit down, you naughty child. [*Fushes Elizabeth into chair at table Left.*] Stop teasing one who is too good to you by far. And now tell me what new mischief you have been put to.

ELIZABETH: [*Rises, with animation.*] I have had such a wild ride on Hector; and coming here we took to the long meadow and Hector, full of life from his long rest, flew like the wind.

BARBARA: I tremble when I think of your riding. I fear an accident some day. Does your mother approve of this?

ELIZABETH: Oh, mother is always away in London; she is too busy with foreign ambassadors to think of me and so I can run away to my dear old Barbara. [*Takes Barbara's face between her hands.*]

BARBARA: Now, away with you and your compliments.

ELIZABETH: My father and mother and others will be here in about an hour. They rest here on their way to London. I begged my father to let me go also but he would not listen.

BARBARA: And a wise man he; you are better off at home at Huntingdon.

ELIZABETH: I think I like it best there myself.

BARBARA: Well, if the great Cromwell, as the folks call your father now, be coming with his train, we must make ready for they will want refreshment. [*Peter is seen standing back of hedge looking up the road.*]

ELIZABETH: I'll help thee, nursie.

BARBARA: No, no; 'tis no work for a lady.

ELIZABETH: If thou talk'st to me thus, never will I come to see thee again.

PETER: Someone be coming down the road.

ELIZABETH: Quick, now, an apron and we'll be ready in a trice. [*Takes apron from Barbara. Barbara chases her.*]

BARBARA: Give me back my apron.

ELIZABETH: No—no—no— [*Both go to rear. Elizabeth stands on bench close to hedge.*]

BARBARA: Who might it be? It be too early for the great folks.

ELIZABETH: A gentleman and a lady riding close together.

BARBARA: Do you know them?

ELIZABETH: No, the gentleman is young and handsome and the lady is resting against his shoulder, who'd blame her! [*Jumps down from bench and comes forward.*]

BARBARA: Go, Peter, hold the horses and help the guests alight. [*Turning to Elizabeth.*] Now dearie you must away before you are seen.

ELIZABETH: No, I am not going; they will think me the bar-maid, and I do want to see the young lady—and the young gentleman, too, for that matter.

BARBARA: I beg of you dear lady, go.

ELIZABETH: No. [*Stamping foot.*]

BARBARA: Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH: No. [*Stamping foot.*]

BARBARA: Dear Betty, please go.

ELIZABETH: It is no use, nursie, I am going to stay. Thou canst take the young lady into the house and

serve her, I shall wait here on the young gentleman, he's to my liking.

BARBARA: You are too headstrong for me; I trust no harm may come of it; a young lady to be masquerading as a bar-maid can bring no good, I vow. [*Enter Richard supporting Anne. Richard looks fully ten years older, he wears mustache and small chin beard. He is much weather-browned. Anne is maturer and looks very tired. Elizabeth stands at hedge looking intently at Richard*]

ANNE: I am so tired, so tired, Richard, I can go no farther.

RICHARD: Dear Anne, thou shalt go no farther; ah, here is the hostess. [*To Barbara.*] We have come far and her ladyship needs rest; will you show us to a room that she may lie down while you prepare refreshment. [*Peter enters, stands stupidly staring.*]

BARBARA: Poor, dear lady, a little rest and then a good meal will make her strong again. This way, sir. [*Goes toward main door of inn.*]

ANNE: Thank you, good woman; and thank thee, dear Richard. I am much trouble to thee.

RICHARD: Thou art very tired, lean firmly on me, remember thou dost not weigh more than a feather's weight and— [*They enter main door of inn with Barbara.*]

ELIZABETH: [*To Peter.*] Peter, I am the serving-maid, do you understand?

PETER: [*Stupidly puzzled.*] No, your ladyship, I cannot say I do.

ELIZABETH: Well, I am going to play the maid, and if one asks you who I be, you say, "That's Bet, the serving maid." Do you understand now?

PETER: [*Doubtfully.*] Yes.

ELIZABETH: What do you understand?

PETER: If anybody asks, I am to say you be playing that you be Bet, the serving maid.

ELIZABETH: Oh, you stupid. [*Shaking Peter.*] You are to say I be the serving-maid.

PETER: But you ben't. Haw-haw.

ELIZABETH: [*Imitating Peter.*] I know I ben't, but is good Peter so honest that he can't tell a little lie for my sake?

PETER: Ah, your ladyship wants to deceive the gentleman to believe that you be really the maid. Haw-haw.

ELIZABETH: What are you laughing at, you fool?

PETER: He must be a stupid who could take you for a common wench. Haw-haw.

ELIZABETH: [*Imitating Peter.*] Haw haw; I will see to that, only don't you betray me.

PETER: No, your ladyship. [*Richard is seen entering from main door of inn.*]

ELIZABETH: [*Seeing Richard.*] Hush.

RICHARD: [*To Peter.*] Here, my man, bring me a mug of ale and be quick about it. [*Peter is going, then stops and remains watching the scene.*]

ELIZABETH: [*Stepping forward with a courtesy.*] I will serve you sir and you are willing.

RICHARD: [*Without looking at her.*] Then be quick about it lass I am main thirsty.

ELIZABETH: [*About to answer angrily, controls herself.*] If your lordship will but bide patiently a moment I will quickly bring the ale. [*As she passes Peter, he is grinning, and she slaps his cheek.*]

Take that, you ogling idiot. [*Exits side door of inn.*]

RICHARD: [*Hears the slap and turns.*] She has a quick temper and a quicker hand, your sweetheart.

PETER: She be no sweetheart of mine.



ACT II.—ELIZABETH AND RICHARD.

RICHARD: Are the lasses in Huntingdon all as quick to strike as this one?

PETER: I know not, your worship. I be better schooled in cattle than in women folk. [*Exits into stable as Elizabeth enters.*]

ELIZABETH: [*Setting down mug of ale.*] There be your ale fresh and cool from the keg, sir.

RICHARD: [*Drinks, then looks at Elizabeth in surprise.*]
By jove!

ELIZABETH: What sir? [*With a bobbing courtesy.*]

RICHARD: Thou art surely a comely lass to be waiting
on travelers. Art thou from this neighborhood?

ELIZABETH: Yes, sir. [*Courtesies.*]

RICHARD: Come here lass.

ELIZABETH: What would your lordship want of a
poor lass.

RICHARD: Come here, I would not hurt thee.

ELIZABETH: [*Bridling.*] And surely I could well take
care of myself.

RICHARD: H'm— independent as well as comely, I see.
Come here.

ELIZABETH: Oh, I fear you not sir; a lass can tell a
gentleman if she be a maid at an inn.

RICHARD: If by gentleman you mean a man with fine
manners you mistake me. I am but country bred
and a soldier, and would cut a poor figure among
the great dandies of the court.

ELIZABETH: I know nothing of courts. I meant a
man with a kind, honest heart.

RICHARD: [*Rising.*] You are a flatterer, a courtier
yourself in petticoats.

ELIZABETH: What might that be?

RICHARD: One|who would seek favor by praising.

ELIZABETH: [*Bridling.*] And pray my grand sir, why
should I court your favor?

RICHARD: [*Surprised.*] This is not the language of a
bar-maid.

ELIZABETH: [*Recollecting herself, bobbing up and down in embarrassment.*] Oh sir, I read that in a book. I—I—mean the mistress I did serve read it to me and I be mighty fond of the fine sound of the words.

RICHARD: [*Observing her.*] There are no serving maids like thee in Yorkshire, it may be otherwise in Huntingdon. [*Sits at table and drinks.*] Tell me, lass, hast thou ever seen Cromwell? [*Elizabeth smiles to herself.*] He has a house not far from here, I am told.

ELIZABETH: It is but five miles from here as the crow flies. Yes, often have I seen him.

RICHARD: And what sort of man might he be?

ELIZABETH: 'Twould ill become a silly maid to speak of so great a man as he.

RICHARD: A mouse may look at a king.

ELIZABETH: But he be no king nor I a mouse.

RICHARD: But they say he may be king soon.

ELIZABETH: Be he king or no king he be a noble man; some call him stern and heartless, but the poor country folk among whom he did come and go know the depth of his piety and the kindness of his heart.

RICHARD: [*Rising.*] A man must have good in him to find so brave a champion.

ELIZABETH: [*With feeling, forgetting herself.*] I would that I were a man; then would I follow him wherever he led—[*Recalling herself.*] But your mug is empty sir, I would fill it for you?

RICHARD: [*Embraces Elizabeth.*] No, I would rather chat with thee than drink.

ELIZABETH: [*Forcibly disengages herself and runs behind table.*] What can so great a gentleman find in a poor country lass?

RICHARD: Beauty, for instance, and a ready wit far above her station.

ELIZABETH: You be the courtier now.

RICHARD: Far from it, I am telling but the truth.

ELIZABETH: And do courtiers never tell the truth?

RICHARD: They have been known to in a crisis.

ELIZABETH: In a what, sir? [*Richard tries to kiss Elizabeth but fails to reach her across table.*]

RICHARD: Oh, never mind. I would know more from thee. I hear Cromwell has several daughters. Dost thou know them also? [*Leaning over table.*]

ELIZABETH: [*Smiling to herself.*] I have met all but one. They say he be main fond of her.

RICHARD: No doubt he indulges her and she is but a pert saucy hoyden.

ELIZABETH: Sir! [*Angrily moving away from Richard, then recollecting herself.*] And doesn't your lordship favor pert saucy hoydens?

RICHARD: [*Rises—seriously.*] I would have a woman gentle, of a sober mind and to bear herself with womanly dignity.

ELIZABETH: [*Sighs.*] Ah!

RICHARD: Why, lass, what art thee sighing for?

ELIZABETH: I be thinking that your lordship be picturing the lady who came with you.

RICHARD: Ah, Anne. [*Sits at table Left.*]

ELIZABETH: Anne—such a sweet name. How lovingly you speak it sir.

RICHARD: I have always loved her.

ELIZABETH: Oh! [*As if hurt.*]

RICHARD: Dear sister.

ELIZABETH: [*Quickly.*] Be she your sister?

RICHARD: Yes, and a better comrade never lived.

ELIZABETH: Oh, I be so glad.

RICHARD: [*Rises.*] Glad—what is it to you? [*Looks at her curiously.*]

ELIZABETH: [*Recovering.*] Oh, so fine a gentleman deserves so fair a sister.

RICHARD: I was wondering.

ELIZABETH: What?

RICHARD: [*Rises.*] If the maids be so fair and witty, what might the ladies be in Huntingdon.

ELIZABETH: Oh, we bar-maids be the ladies in Huntingdon, and the ladies be but mad hoydens.

[*Enter Barbara from main door of inn.*]

RICHARD: [*Bowing with mock courtesy.*] For the present, good day my pretty bar-maid. I will to my sister. [*Exits main door of inn.*]

BARBARA: [*To Elizabeth, who is following Richard with her eyes.*] Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH: [*Does not reply but is looking after Richard.*]

BARBARA: [*Going to Elizabeth.*] Oh my dear sweet lady, how could you be so bold?

ELIZABETH: [*Still looking after Richard.*] I swear he is the handsomest, bravest gentleman I ever set eyes on.

BARBARA: Why he be but a stranger to you.

ELIZABETH: [*Seriously as if to herself.*] He is good and generous, sincere and honest.

BARBARA: Tut lassie, you have known him but a half hour.

ELIZABETH: I seem to have known him many years, for he has ever lived in my fancy. Ah, [*sighs*] I fear I be destined to be a maid my life long. [*Goes to Barbara, who takes her in her arms.*] Be good to me dear nursie, be good to me.



ACT II.—ELIZABETH AND BARBARA.

BARBARA: My own sweet child.

ELIZABETH: He said he would naught of hoydens. I would be sober minded, gentle and bear myself with womanly dignity. Oh nursie dear, dost think such a one as he could stoop to such a frivolous maid as me?

BARBARA: Why, my own child, what nonsense you do talk. He be not worthy of so fair a maid as you.

BARBARA: [*Takes Elizabeth to side door of inn as Ambrose appears at rear, disguised as a poor traveling scholar.*] Go in now lassie, and rest awhile. [*Elizabeth exits side door of inn.*]

AMBROSE: [*Comes forward.*] I have traveled far and am dusty and tired. Bring me food and drink, good woman.

BARBARA: I will serve you in a moment, sir. [*As Barbara exits side door, Richard comes out of inn, main door.*]

AMBROSE: [*Who has recognized Richard.*] Good day to you, sir.

RICHARD: [*Preoccupied, looking for Elizabeth.*] Good day.

AMBROSE: I would a word with you, sir. [*Enter Barbara at side door of inn, places ale and plate on table and exits.*]

RICHARD: I have no words to spare.

AMBROSE: Indeed a poor gentleman, though he be but indifferently courteous.

RICHARD: I owe you no courtesy, sir. And if I be poor, 'tis no one's business.

AMBROSE: I judge you from the North by your surly manner.

RICHARD: And if I be from the North, what is it to you? Would'st pick a quarrel with me [*starts to draw sword*] but I see you are unarmed; if you don't curb your tongue, still would I have to teach you manners.

AMBROSE: [*Quietly.*] Richard.

RICHARD: [*Starts.*]

AMBROSE: If I knew not your face I would know you by your impetuous manner.

RICHARD: [*Who has been looking closely at Ambrose.*] I do not know you, though I vow I have heard your voice often.

AMBROSE: Many years ago there was a priest called Ambrose.

RICHARD: Ambrose! [*Recognizes him.*] Yes, Father Ambrose.

AMBROSE: [*Richard bows.*] [*Ambrose hold hands up in benediction.*] Hush, don't speak so loud; I am now Edward Munro.

RICHARD: Well I remember you, Father Ambrose. But 'tis ten years since I have seen you, and in this disguise I never would have known you.

AMBROSE: We have met but once since the night your father was murdered.

RICHARD: That night and your words "Strike at Cromwell" have ever been uppermost in my mind. I have sought Cromwell everywhere. I have fought him in the open field and in ambush; though I have seen him from afar among his men, the chances of war have never brought us face to face. Ever active, I have worried his soldiers on the march or in the field. Around me I gathered a company of fighters—fearless, rough, profane men, but fighters all.

Dick Maynard's wild horse they were called and they carried terror to the hearts of the enemy. I have slept in the open field, the hard earth my bed and the broad heaven the only roof over me. I rallied resistance to the last. If all had stood by the king's cause as we, he would now be on his throne. Treachery and cowardice brought the end at last.

AMBROSE: And whither are you bound?

RICHARD: There was nothing left but to surrender or flee the country and join the king, with him to return when the day of his return should come. All northern ports were closed to us and watched by the protector's spies, the only way leading to escape for me was the boldest way, to travel openly to the south with my sister, and here we are. But Father, what have you done these years?

AMBROSE: Fought as you have but with different weapons; though I confess with hardly more success. But now we are on the eve of great things. Let Oliver Cromwell make his peace with God, for his days, nay his hours, are numbered.

RICHARD: You mean that he is to be assassinated.

AMBROSE: Ah, how like your father. The same word, the same fallacy. [*With earnest emphasis.*] You carry on war and kill the enemy's soldiers and innocent people alike and no dog barks. You lie in ambush and fire upon the unsuspecting enemy and no dog barks. You rob the country-side of all its provender and women and children starve to death, and no dog barks. It is war, an exercise of the manly art of war. But when we, taking like yourselves our lives in our hands, would remove the man who caused that evil called war, and by his death would spare the anguish of thousands, then we are assassins, forsooth.

RICHARD: I never could sustain an argument and venture you are right. I have done but this, to seek the enemy and to strike him when and where I found him. I could not shoot a man behind his back, even were he Oliver Cromwell himself, whom I owe a burden of hatred.

AMBROSE: Under what name are you traveling?

RICHARD: My own; its good enough, and besides it is the only safe one for me. I could not maintain another's name successfully for ten minutes. Besides, my name is not an uncommon one.

AMBROSE: But fear you not Cromwell's spies? They are everywhere.

RICHARD: I fear them not, for they are sure to look for me, not as Richard Maynard, but under an assumed name and disguise, and while they search for me as someone traveling by night and hiding by day in unexpected places, I travel as myself in broad daylight without disguise the straight road to my goal.

AMBROSE: There is wisdom in your argument; few, though, would have the bravery to successfully follow it. But join us in our work. Courage such as yours would be of great service to our cause.

RICHARD: I fear I would be but a clumsy tool in your hands. Better for me to go abroad and to return with the king the day he will come home to fight for his own. [*Horns are heard outside.*]

AMBROSE: We had better not be seen talking together. [*Richard enters main door of inn quickly, slowly followed by Ambrose, as enter Cromwell, Lady Cromwell, Lady Claire, Duncan, soldiers, gentlemen and ladies in Cromwell's train at rear.*]

Cromwell is fifty-four years old—a man of massive head and frame cast in large mould. He has a wart over right eye, full lips, dark grey eyes full of tenderness or fierceness. Rich, dark-brown locks fall flowing below his collar band. Slight mustache and slight tuft on chin. In manner he is somewhat rough and is possessed of a grim humor.

Lady Cromwell, a matronly looking woman about fifty years old.

Lady Claire, a handsome woman of the world, twenty-five years old.

Duncan, grown older, still a man of soldierly bearing.

From side door of inn, enter Elizabeth and Barbara. Elizabeth runs to Cromwell.]

CROMWELL: My dear Elizabeth. [*Greets her affectionately. Elizabeth greets her mother and Lady Claire. Ah, Barbara, thou art growing very portly. Let us all enter and see what refreshment is prepared for us. [All exit into inn except Elizabeth, who also detains her father. A guard is seen passing at back now and then.]*]

ELIZABETH: Father, I have not had thee a moment to myself for many days.

CROMWELL: Then sit with me awhile. [*Leads her to seat Left, Cromwell sits in chair and Elizabeth on arm of same.*] Tell me how dost thou spend thy time during thy mother's and my absences? I would be assured that thou hast not forgotten thy housewifely work nor neglected thy religious duties.

ELIZABETH: I have tried hard to be a good and dutiful daughter. [*After a moment.*] Oh father, the world is very beautiful.

CROMWELL: But what moves my lassie to speak of that now?



ACT II.—CROMWELL AND ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH: Yesterday I was up with the sun and in the garden. The dew was on the leaves and the blades of grass. The air was as fresh as the morning and filled with a faint, sweet odor like the breath of flowers. I walked down among the beds, then I strayed beyond the wall into the fields, not heeding my wet skirt and shoes, but feeling only the sweetness of the morn. Father I was a happy, happy child. I felt no sorrow and yet no exceeding joy. Father, it seems so long, so long ago, that yesterday.

CROMWELL: What has crossed thy spirit child? Isn't thy world the same to-day as it was yesterday?

ELIZABETH: [*Standing behind Cromwell's chair, her arms about his neck.*] I know not what it is, father. [*After awhile.*] Hast thou ever been in love, father?

CROMWELL: What a strange question, lassie. Did I not love thy mother as I love her still, but God forbid that I place any human affection above the love we all owe Him.

ELIZABETH: [*Hardly heeding what her father says.*] Father, I mean hast thou been so in love that all else seemed as naught? Hast thou loved with thy heart and soul, and has the world seemed one moment filled with joyful music and then grown unutterably sad?

CROMWELL: [*As if to himself—sadly.*] I once did love like that and lost. Which went like a dagger to my heart. Indeed it did. [*Recovering himself.*] But my own sweet Bess, why speak of this now? Has some cavalier, in passing, ruthlessly stolen my lassie's heart?

ELIZABETH: No, no father, it's but a fancy.

CROMWELL: But fancies found themselves on facts sometimes. What weighs upon thy mind? Tell me. [*Elizabeth stands in front of her father, who holds both her hands in his.*]

ELIZABETH: I hardly know. Father, others may call thee stern, but thou wert ever kind and good to me, beyond my poor deserts.

CROMWELL: I have always loved thee dearly, my own Bess, with deepest love this side idolatry. I would ever stand between thee and harm that might befall. But give me thy full confidence, child, what hast thou to confess?

ELIZABETH: Nothing, father, really nothing I tell thee.
I must perchance be in a silly mood, my dear old daddy.

CROMWELL: But a time will come, lass, when thou wilt leave thy old daddy. [*Rises.*]

ELIZABETH: Father, I would stay with thee always, as long as thou wouldst have me with thee, for I may never love better than I love thee.

CROMWELL: Be not rash in thy promises, child. I know well thy fondness for a rough old soldier, but it is the will of God, thou shalt some day leave thy father and mother and cleave unto thy husband.

ELIZABETH: Let us not speak of it now, I must away to Huntingdon.

CROMWELL: Good bye, dear child, and God protect thee always. [*Kisses her tenderly.*] Remember thy father is ever thy best friend. Let nothing shake thee in this.

ELIZABETH: [*Calls.*] Peter, Peter. Take my horse to the outer gate.

PETER: [*Voice heard.*] Yes, me lady.
[*To Cromwell, naturally.*] Good bye, father. [*Exits at back. Cromwell stands thoughtfully as Lady Cromwell and Lady Claire enter.*]

CROMWELL: [*Turns and meets Lady Cromwell with Lady Claire.*]

LADY CROMWELL: Oliver, I have not told thee that Lady Claire comes highly commended by our friend beyond the sea, Lady Montaigne, and is well versed in the manners of the French Court. [*Sits at table. Left. Lady Claire bows deeply. Cromwell scrutinizes her closely.*]

CROMWELL: It pleases me to know you the friend of Lady Montaigne, though I surmise you bring but an ill opinion of ourselves from a Court where our enemies are welcome, and hesitate not to credit us with many atrocities.

LADY CLAIRE: It were a person of evil mind or bad judgment who could tarry in your Excellency's presence without feeling that naught but slanderous tongue could impute ignoble or cruel deed to your Excellency. [*Bows deeply.*]

*CROMWELL: [*Looking half pleased by Lady Claire's speech.*] You overestimate our humble merit. Whatever I have done for my fellow-countrymen has been by the Grace of God and through His power alone, and is due to no humble merit of mine. But pray tell me what news have you as to the doings of our enemies. Be they as active as ever?

LADY CLAIRE: The fame of your Excellency's triumphs has sapped their enthusiasm and they desire but to live their lives in peace.

*CROMWELL: A blessed relief to us, for which we are devoutly thankful. [*Grimly.*] However we shall be careful to double our vigilance. It were as natural for the wolf to lie down beside the fold as for Charles Stewart to content himself in peace. But of yourself let us speak. Are you a French woman? I can hardly think so, you speak our language so well.

LADY CLAIRE: I am of English parentage, but born and bred in France. At home we always spoke English. I have lived much in Paris and trust what I have learned at the Court may make me humbly useful to your Excellency's charming wife. [*Turns to Lady Cromwell. Ambrose enters quietly main door of inn; takes seat at table Right.*]

LADY CROMWELL: [*Rising.*] We are already very fond of Lady Claire who has taught us some matters of ceremony.

CROMWELL: I would not scorn due ceremony; it is the proper clothing of those who rule. But, wife, what heard you of our daughter Barbara. [*They go back and talk as Lady Claire turns to right and speaks quietly to Ambrose. A look of recognition passes between them. Ambrose rises.*]

LADY CLAIRE: You are a scholar, I see; whence travel you?

AMBROSE: I am but recently from Oxford and on my way to a wealthy squire's who would have me tutor of his son; but I am weary of travel and poor.

LADY CLAIRE: I would gladly assist you, but have not the means.

CROMWELL: Let us now to dinner. Will you join us, Lady Claire?

LADY CLAIRE: I feel slightly indisposed and would not eat. The fresh air may revive me. I shall await your Excellencies here. [*Courtesies. Cromwell and Lady Cromwell exit into main door of inn.*]

AMBROSE: [*Quickly.*] Why did you risk coming to England? It is folly.

LADY CLAIRE: Do not quarrel with me now, I came for love of you. This chance offered, I hoped to meet you, and if not, I would at least be nearer to you. I have been deeply unhappy. I know my love is sin before the Church, but I care not.

AMBROSE: [*Gently.*] I am but a hunted wanderer, our love can bring no good to either of us.

LADY CLAIRE: [*Puts both hands on Ambrose's shoulder.*] Give up this mad pursuit; what profits it—go back to France with me.

AMBROSE: [*Gently puts down Lady Claire's hands.*]
You know my aims, my ambitions; I have often told you.

LADY CLAIRE: Yes, yes, you would place on England's throne a roistering blade of a king. What is he to you?

AMBROSE: I care not for the king; he is but an instrument in our hands. I am a soldier of the Church, the only true mother Church, to which I humbly give my thoughts, my energies, yes my life. I would strangle this damnable heresy that has seized upon this age and country.

LADY CLAIRE: [*Viewing him with a peculiar smile.*]
Are you so sure you are right?

AMBROSE: Right! Why I could prove it to you by—
[*Stopping himself.*] 'Twere useless to quote authorities to you—you are but a woman.

LADY CLAIRE: Yes, I'm but a woman and would not understand—that is the phrase. [*Sits at table Right.*]

AMBROSE: And I confess I don't understand you, but then no man has ever understood the workings of a woman's mind.

LADY CLAIRE: Nonsense; you men have in your wisdom set up an image and called it woman, and there it stands as unlike woman as the image carved by savage hand is unlike man. [*Rises.*]

AMBROSE: But the great fathers of the Church wrote—

LADY CLAIRE: [*Snapping fingers.*] A fig for your great fathers. Women are simple, if you men but knew it. Some day a man will understand woman, and then this talk about their complex nature will become as old rubbish.

AMBROSE: [*Gently taking her hands.*] Let us not speak of this now, Claire; we have but a few moments.

LADY CLAIRE: [*Puts arms about his neck.*] Readily, it's nothing to me. But to be near you is much; to aid you in danger, to help you if seized upon. We women love men best when they need us most.

AMBROSE: Dear Claire. [*A look of earnest love passes between them. Ambrose releases himself and stands holding Lady Claire's hands. After a pause, thoughtfully.*] Perhaps you could help us in the cause.

LADY CLAIRE: [*Sadly.*] I would help your cause, if it be to aid you dear, tho' I think it folly.

AMBROSE: Then should we fail to-day, I would have you bring me information as to Cromwell's movements; you shall know where to reach me. I cannot trust Maynard to do this.

LADY CLAIRE: You mean this Maynard would not play the spy, but I—— [*Voices are heard in inn approaching—quickly.*] You shall have, dear, what you ask. [*Quietly in louder voice.*] Here, may this help you on your journey. [*Enter Cromwell and Duncan from main door of inn. Ambrose exits Left.*]

CROMWELL: Will you join Lady Cromwell, Lady Claire? She desires some slight service of you. [*Lady Claire exits at main door of inn.*]

CROMWELL: [*Sits at table Left.*] I have had no opportunity to question you alone, Duncan, as to your report. I have read anxiety in your face. Speak.

DUNCAN: Your Excellency, a plot, a Popish plot, a damnable plot.

CROMWELL: Confine yourself to facts. I would you exercised more godliness in your conversation.

DUNCAN: Forgive, your Excellency, the ardor of a devoted follower.

CROMWELL: The story, the story.

DUNCAN: A conspiracy to trap your Excellency, to seize upon your person on your way from Whitehall to Hampton Court.

CROMWELL: I understand, and therefore we crossed at Putney.

DUNCAN: While the carriage came the other way, followed by horse at some distance, to trap the conspirators, and may they all be hanged, the sons of Belial.

CROMWELL: Go on.

DUNCAN: Several men were secured, Girard, Vowel and other prisoners, but the arch conspirator, the Jesuit priest, Ambrose, escaped. A priest, a devilish, Popish priest, a serpent of a serpent's brood, may God curse him and his like. Too much leniency is shown them. The sword is too good for the sons of the evil one. They should all hang. There will be no peace in the land until trees bear such fruit.

CROMWELL: [*Rises—with spirit.*] Man, curb thyself. They are all God's creatures. Curse them not for not subscribing to the tenets of thy creed. There has been too much of this persecution for opinion's sake. Let every man come to God in his own manner of worship, but if he be honest, let that suffice.

DUNCAN: This be dangerous heresy.

CROMWELL: Enough, be silent, man. See that the persons of the conspirators are well secured.

DUNCAN: [*Exits at back, grumbling. Ambrose enters Left, points out Cromwell to soldier on guard, then makes sign of cross over him and exits.*]

CROMWELL: [*Sits at table Right.*] It is all most difficult, most difficult. The path is beset with thorns;

it is infinitely harder to deal with overzealous friends than with the open enemy. This Duncan will be of great trouble some day. But I have not sought these things; truly I have been called unto them by the Lord. [*Prays.*] God grant me to find the way. [*Richard enters and remains on steps, main door of inn.*] We are all in Thy hands. God — [*The soldier fires and misses Cromwell. Cromwell, unarmed, rises slowly and then faces the soldier. Soldier draws sword and starts toward Cromwell, but is intercepted by Richard, who holds him off at the point of his sword. The troopers enter hurriedly with Duncan and seize upon the soldier. Enter Barbara, Lady Cromwell, Lady Claire, Anne and others. Anne goes to Richard.*]

CROMWELL: Handle him not roughly. For his attempt upon my life he shall answer to the Courts. For being so bad a shot, he shall forthwith be discharged the service. [*To Richard.*] Sir, I am greatly indebted to you and thank you from the depth of my heart. God has indeed wonderfully preserved me. What is your name, Sir?

RICHARD: Maynard is my name, and I travel with my sister, whom you see here. And who are you, Sir, who faced death so coolly?

CROMWELL: I am Oliver Cromwell.

RICHARD: Oliver Cromwell!

CROMWELL: Why do you start, Sir, at the name? [*Ambrose enters.*]

RICHARD: [*Confused.*] Pardon, Sir—the unexpectedness—your fame——

CROMWELL: Fame! I value it but little. I would rather have the love of honest men than great renown. I like you, Sir, would you enter my service? I would find honorable business for you to do.

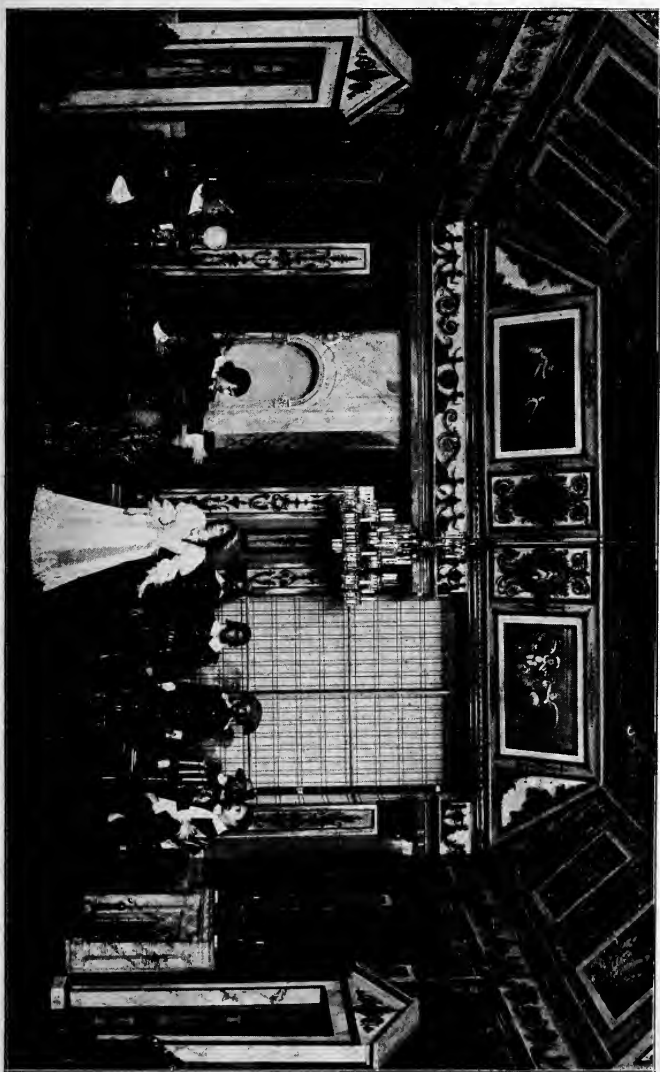
RICHARD: I enter Cromwell's service, why—— [*Starts back. Duncan steps between Cromwell and Richard. Ambrose touches Richard on sleeve. Richard turns.*]

DUNCAN: I would warn your Excellency against the engagement of a stranger. I fear he be an emissary of the enemy, a worshiper of Rome. [*While Cromwell is talking with Duncan, Ambrose has intimated to Richard by pantomime that he must accept. Richard looks puzzled.*]

CROMWELL: Rest you quiet man. You would scent treason in every wind that blows. Though he be an enemy, I judge him from the sincerity of his countenance, no traitor. [*Duncan retires. To Richard.*] Sir, would you accept of service with me?

RICHARD: [*Hesitating at first.*] I —— I and it please your Excellency, I accept.

CROMWELL: It pleases me well, Sir, and if I judge you right, you will render honest service. I have learned to read men's characters. I have been and am in constant great danger from those who desire to destroy me, but to you, Sir, would I willingly trust my life. [*Cromwell takes Richard's hand as curtain descends.*]



ACT III.—A ROOM, WHITEHALL.



ACT III.

Scene: A room in the Palace, Whitehall. At back Left large leaded glass window; at back Right wide main entrance; at front Left and Right doors; large working table at Right front; small table at Left; other furniture.

TIME: Three days later. [*Exodus Treat, Cromwell's Secretary, is busy at desk with papers. He is rather a small man, middle-aged, with an exceedingly self-important air, a "dry as dust" scrivener. As he arranges papers, he mutters to himself about his work.*]

TREAT: My, my, my, what a muddle, and were it not for Exodus Treat, why the whole Commonwealth would be soon going to the dogs. For not only have I to write out all dispatches of most serious import, adorned with erudite phrase, and transpose them into most courtly French, but I, Exodus Treat, must see that no paper, aye, not so much as a bit of a torn corner, be lost, for if such a one be lost or misplaced, why it might involve us in a war with his Spanish Majesty or some other foreign potentate; but there be no danger, for Exodus Treat watches carefully and nothing can escape his vigilance. My system of arrangement places the possibility of mislaying or losing aught, beyond peradventure.

CROMWELL: [*Entering from door Right.*] Have you news this morning, Master Treat?

TREAT: Indeed, your Excellency; dispatches from Admiral Blake. He has punished the pirates of Tunis, burning their ships.

CROMWELL: Good news indeed, they shall consider us; I would make an English citizen as respected throughout the world as ever a Roman has been. Place the dispatches in my study, I shall read them with care. [*Enter Richard Maynard from main entrance.*]

RICHARD: Your Excellency, good day.

CROMWELL: Good day, sir. Have you delivered the letters summoning Lord Richmond and others to our presence?

RICHARD: They have been all delivered as by your order.

TREAT: [*Backing and bowing.*] I will retire, your Excellency, to carefully pen your letter. [*Exits door Right.*]

RICHARD: [*Looking after Treat.*] A most busy man, deep in your confidence. Is it safe, your Excellency, to trust so much to one who might easily betray?

CROMWELL: What! Treason in Master Treat? No, No! To him the manner of his work is alone of import. Why he would argue beyond patience as to a quill, the exact weight, when it should be plucked, the phase of the moon, from what part of the anatomy of the goose it should be taken, how to cut it, the quality of knife to be used, the method and direction of the cut. Ha! Ha! He knows naught of what he writes; I have tested him. Once did I have him to write an order for his own execution, which, when carefully penned, he handed me for my signature, without dreaming of its import to himself. [*Laughs grimly. Treat enters from door Right. Shouts are heard outside. Treat goes to window and looks out.*]

TREAT: Your Excellency, the crowd is gathering outside; they are cheering your Excellency, they de-

sire to welcome you on your return. Ah, the crowd increases.

CROMWELL: Don't let that disturb you, Master Treat, for a much larger crowd would gather if 'twere to see me hanged. [*Laughs grimly. Goes to window, showing himself. Shouts are heard. Enter servant at main entrance.*]

SERVANT: The lords and ladies are in waiting, your Excellency.

CROMWELL: Admit them. [*Servant exits; enter Lord Richmond, Lady Claire, courtiers and ladies; all bow.*] Welcome home, Lord Richmond, and welcome to you all, my lords and ladies. I have summoned you to be present at this occasion on which we first greet our valued friend, Lord Richmond, who has but returned from foreign travels. [*Turning to Lord Richmond.*] Your Lordship has traveled far and learned the ways of other countries, which knowledge should prove of great value to ourselves in our relations with these governments, a fact weighing much in your favor, my Lord Richmond.

RICHMOND: What knowledge I have gained lies at your service, your Excellency, and I trust may be of use to your Excellency.

CROMWELL: Your Lordship has been of certain service to this Commonwealth and this I weigh greatly in your favor.

RICHMOND: I have tried to serve to the utmost of my humble ability; few men have engaged further than I have done, your Excellency.

CROMWELL: You have been at Paris, but I vow you have not sought intercourse with Charles Stewart, though much tempted. And this would make you dear to us, my Lord.

RICHMOND: I could not so far forget my duty as to court secret counsel with a Stewart, your Excellency.

CROMWELL: And for your discretion, your truth and honor, the Commonwealth should claim your services in high position, my Lord.

RICHMOND: I would ever serve your Excellency faithfully.

CROMWELL: [*Going close to Richmond and looking him straight in the eye.*] When you saw Charles Stewart, who put out the candles?

RICHMOND: [*Stammers and does not reply.*]

CROMWELL: And what did Charles Stewart say to you. Did he not give you a letter?

RICHMOND: No, no, your Excellency.

CROMWELL: [*Tears Richmond's hat from his hands.*]

You served me faithfully, you traitor! Here is the proof of your guilt. [*Takes letter out of lining of hat.*] This, a letter from Charles Stewart, in the lining of your hat. Well, what now of your truth, your honesty, your faithfulness? [*In a towering passion, throws hat at Richmond's feet.*] You come here with sweet words on your lips and perfidy in your heart, but this let me say: If this plotting against the peace of this Commonwealth and against my life, placed as I am by Almighty God to bring content to this distracted country, do not cease, then will I exterminate this Charles Stewart and his kin, root and branch, to the remotest member even. Let them flee to the uttermost confines of this earth—— [*Goes back and stands in main entrance, waving to guard.*] Guard! [*Enter Guard, preceded by Cromwell.*] Take this man to the tower. [*Richmond gives his sword to officer of guard and*

is led out. Cromwell turns to others.] My Lords and Ladies, may you pardon my violence; I cannot stomach a traitor and a breaker of promises. [*Goes back and talks with lords and ladies, who form groups and talk at back.*]

LADY CLAIRE: [*Comes forward and says to Richard.*] This arrest is most serious. Father Ambrose must know of it at once. Will you find him and advise him?

RICHARD: Rest assured, my lady, I will. [*They go back to others. Cromwell comes forward.*]

TREAT: [*Enters from door Right. To Cromwell.*] These are the letters prepared and signed by your Excellency this morning. [*Cromwell takes letters. Treat busies himself at table.*]

CROMWELL: [*To Richard.*] In these few days which you have spent in my service, I have shown you much confidence by entrusting you with most important messages. This which I hand you now should reach the address within the hour. Will you deliver it? [*Gives one of letters to Richard.*]

RICHARD: Your Excellency may depend on me. [*Exits at main entrance.*]

CROMWELL: [*To Treat.*] These other letters, Master Treat, have delivered by the regular court messengers.

TREAT: I shall see to it at once, your Excellency. [*Exits Right. Enter Lady Cromwell and Elizabeth from Left. Elizabeth goes to Cromwell, Lady Cromwell joins the others.*]

ELIZABETH: Good day, father.

CROMWELL: [*Turning and caressing Elizabeth.*] But my Bess, I thought thou couldst not leave thy flower beds and thy poultry. What brings thee to London?

ELIZABETH: I'm no longer content with the pleasures of our country home. I hardly know myself; I am sadly distraught. Father, I would like once to attend a reception to all the great folk, of which one occurs to-morrow night.

CROMWELL: Child, I would thy thoughts were on godlier things. When thou art older thou wilt have time enough for frivolities.

ELIZABETH: [*Holding both of Cromwell's hands.*] Father, let me remain for this and I will not tease thee more.

CROMWELL: It cannot be.

ELIZABETH: Thou wouldst not send me home like this? Why, I would break my heart a crying of it.

CROMWELL: If thy heart be so set upon it, child, thou mayst remain this time.

ELIZABETH: Dear, dear daddie. [*Embraces Cromwell, then joins Lady Cromwell and others.*]

CROMWELL: Again I have the pleasure of your ladyship's countenance.

LADY CLAIRE: [*Courtesies.*] They say in France—I would not tell what they do say—for 'tis not true. Your Excellency is graciousness itself. If a poor weak woman could wield the power, even your Excellency's enemies would do but honor to your Excellency.

CROMWELL: I am but a soldier bred in the field, rough and hard as the ground that often has been my bed, but I trust I do not lack seeing the true virtue that lies in grace of person and manner, though, for the life I have led, they lie not within my power to imitate.

LADY CLAIRE: The truly great do not imitate; they themselves are an example for others to follow.

CROMWELL: Your country cultivates the art of flattery, Lady Claire.

LADY CLAIRE: If truth be flattery, then am I the most accomplished of flatterers. [*Courtesies.*]

CROMWELL: [*Smiling.*] A truce, a truce, lady, I am no match for you in this verbal fencing. Would you oblige me with your friend, Lady Montaigne's, address? I desire to communicate with her.

LADY CLAIRE: Certainly. She lives in the Rue de la Paix, near the border of the Seine.

CROMWELL: I am but an ill French scholar; please write it down for me, Lady Claire.

LADY CLAIRE: With pleasure, your Excellency. [*Writes address and hands same to Cromwell.*]

LADY CLAIRE: Will your Excellency drive out to-night? The day is passing beautiful.

CROMWELL: [*On guard.*] I have planned a short rest from my labors.

LADY CLAIRE: I trust that your Excellency will be not content with but a few hours of rest.

CROMWELL: I shall leave at six o'clock and shall return at eight; these two hours are more than I have spared from business for some time.

LADY CLAIRE: We have already taken up too much of your Excellency's time. [*Turning to Lady Cromwell, who is coming towards them.*] Is your ladyship going now?

LADY CROMWELL: Yes, we will retire. Good day, Oliver.

ELIZABETH: A good day to you, father.

LADY CLAIRE: Good day, your Excellency.

CROMWELL: Good day, Lady Claire. [*To others.*] Good day, my lords and ladies. [*All bow and exit but Cromwell, Lady Claire last. Cromwell strikes bell handle of sword—in deep thought.*] A comely woman, a comely woman. [*Glances at address he holds in his hand and sits at table Right.*] This bit of paper may prove of value to us. I fear my Lady Claire is traveling a dangerous road. I wonder what her motive be. Men conspire for the love of power; women for the love of some man. We must find the man.

TREAT: [*Enters from Right.*] Your Excellency did ring?

CROMWELL: I shall not drive out to-night. Not a word of this to anyone. Let the guard be doubled.

TREAT: It shall be ordered, your Excellency. [*Exits main entrance and returns soon and busies himself at table Right.*]

DUNCAN: [*Enters at main entrance.*] A word with your Excellency.

CROMWELL: [*Sits at table Left.*] What, another conspiracy, Duncan?

DUNCAN: It is not of conspiracies I would speak, but of the soldiers. They murmur and say you make peace with the enemies of the Lord, who placed into your hands the sword of Gideon; that you treat with patience even the Jews and the Popish soldiers led by the priests of Baal; that no longer must one be a true believer to rise in the service, but that men of indifferent faith take rank above the faithful.

CROMWELL: You know my views, Duncan; why bring these tales to me?

DUNCAN: Because the army has placed you where you are. Because to it you owe all you possess. I fear if I carry not to the faithful a promise that from their number alone shall officers be appointed, they will soon be in open revolt.

CROMWELL: [*Rising.*] I know that next to God I owe these faithful men that I am here, but I am not answerable to them alone, but to all Englishmen, and fear not these idle threats. This be understood now as before, in choosing men take no notice of their opinion if they be willing to serve faithfully, that satisfies. Bear, Duncan, with those of different minds from yourself. [*Crosses to table Right.*]

DUNCAN: Oliver Cromwell, I have warned thee and I say to thee now, the wrath of the Lord will be upon those who are unfaithful to his word, and there will be a day of reckoning, when the ground shall tremble and the houses shall fall, and there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth, but the Lord will know his own and take care of them. Oliver Cromwell, I warn thee. Be not among those who shall fall beneath the wrath of the Almighty.

CROMWELL: [*Sternly.*] I have treated you with exceeding patience, Duncan. You and your violent opinions. Much has been forgiven for past service's sake, but understand, no more will I listen to words such as these. Have you aught else to say?

DUNCAN: There is unusual activity among those that be the friends of the Pretender. The hated Amal-ekite king.

CROMWELL: Watch the palace well to-night.

DUNCAN: It shall be done. [*Exits main entrance.*]

CROMWELL: [*To Treat.*] I shall to my study. Do not call me unless on serious occasion.

TREAT: Yes, your Excellency. [*Cromwell exits Right.*]

ELIZABETH: [*Enters at main entrance a moment after her father has left.*] Father!

TREAT: [*Bowing profoundly.*] Your ladyship, his Excellency has this moment left and desires not to be disturbed.

ELIZABETH: Master Treat, are you left all alone?

TREAT: As you see; and call myself happy of the occasion to speak to your ladyship. [*Bows.*]

ELIZABETH: [*With mock courtesy.*] I most fear to be left with so gay a gallant; and what would you say to me, Master Treat?

TREAT: I would express the sentiments of a man who sincerely admires your ladyship and would say that your ladyship is the finest flower that blossoms—that blossoms—that blossoms—

ELIZABETH: How often do I blossom, Master Treat? Or am I one of those perennial flowers that blossom and blossom on forever?

TREAT: I fear I ventured foolishly on speech. But if you should dictate them to me, I would most beautifully inscribe on parchment your virtues with all the flourishes known to the art.

ELIZABETH: A pretty speech indeed, and an excellent notion, Master Treat. If the ladies be their own gallants, many a one would be done justice who now receives but scant notice. For instance to myself I would say: Mistress Bess. [*Imitating motion of writing in the air; Treat does the same.*] Thy brow is like—like—unto Juno's. Thine eyes are penetrating like—like—Apollo's [*thinking*]; but he was a man—never mind, a man may have fine eyes. Thy nose is as if moulded by—by—Praxitiles. Thy mouth is—well, of course thy mouth is Cupid's Bow, and thus would

I give fair praise and show my learning. [*Elizabeth courtesies. Treat laughs and goes to table.*] But Master Treat, where is the newly-attached soldier of whose good looks I have heard much? I doubt me, but he be an indifferent appearing man or a coxcomb.

TREAT: Nay, your ladyship. He may be handsome or not, that I have not noticed, but a true gentleman he is, if Exodus Treat knows one. A fiery temper, indeed, but a gentleman.

ELIZABETH: Where is that paragon now, Master Treat, for paragon he must be to win so eloquent a champion.

TREAT: He bears some message for his Excellency but should soon be here.

ELIZABETH: I am curious to meet him. What is his name?

TREAT: Richard Maynard.

ELIZABETH: Ah, you must present me to him.

TREAT: [*Stammers, confused.*] What, I? Your father—why—

ELIZABETH: My father said he would not be disturbed; and my father's daughter would not wait. [*It begins to grow dusk.*]

TREAT: [*Protesting.*] But—your ladyship.

ELIZABETH: And then you must leave me alone with him.

TREAT: I dare not, I dare not.

ELIZABETH: You shall leave as soon as you have presented him. I will take the consequences.

TREAT: [*Walking back and forth.*] But, oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear! What shall I do? I cannot but obey.

RICHARD: [*Enters hastily at main entrance.*] Here I am, Master Treat, and a devil of a time I have had finding the man. [*Seeing Elizabeth, who has retired into the shadow and half turns her back.*] Oh! I see you are not alone, Master Treat. Pardon my abrupt entrance and speech. [*Goes to table Right.*]

ELIZABETH: [*To Treat, who does not know what to do.*] Present me.

TREAT: Mr. Maynard, I would present to you his Excellency's daughter, Lady Elizabeth. [*Richard bows and goes to window. Treat looks at Elizabeth, who motions him to go.*] Now I must—I really must leave you—you will pardon me—— [*Starts to exit Right.*]

ELIZABETH: Must you then go, Master Treat? I would gladly have had further speech with you. [*Treat returns.*]

TREAT: Oh, your ladyship, I could—— [*She makes violent sign to him. He starts again.*] No, I must go; I have to go; I cannot stay; no, I must go.

ELIZABETH: I am very sorry the necessities of your business rob me of your instructive company. [*Treat returns again; Elizabeth motions him to go and keeps turning him around as she urges him towards the door; he exits Right. It has grown quite dark in the room.*]

RICHARD: [*Coming toward Elizabeth.*] I would swear that I had heard your voice before, were I not so sure that it is impossible——

ELIZABETH: And I were a man, I would swear and loudly swear that I had heard your voice before, and in truth I am certain I have and vow I have.

RICHARD: [*Puzzled.*] In years I have been unaccustomed to a lady's voice; and this one is fresh in

my memory. Nay, to tell the truth it haunts me. [*Thinking.*] No, no, it cannot be. [*Servant brings in lamp and sets it on table Left. Elizabeth remains in shadow.*]

ELIZABETH: What cannot be?

RICHARD: [*To himself.*] No, no. 'Twere impossible.

ELIZABETH: You try my patience, sir; you seem to prefer your own discourse to mine. [*Sits at table Right.*]

RICHARD: Pardon me, lady. I had a foolish notion that in your voice I heard again the voice of a serving maid I had speech with a few days since at an inn.

ELIZABETH: And though she was a serving-maid her voice haunts you?

RICHARD: She was no ordinary wench, but of some superior mould. I know not what unhappy fate placed



ACT III.—RICHARD, TREAT AND ELIZABETH.

her in such lowly position, but as her memory comes to me, I see not a serving-maid of a country tavern, but a sweet girl of natural wit and delicate grace.

ELIZABETH: I would surmise the country maid kept the cavalier's heart.

RICHARD: And what would make you think that?

ELIZABETH: [*Rising.*] Faith, and have not you yourself but told me so? [*Imitating him.*] Her voice haunts your memory. She is a sweet girl of natural wit and so much more and forsooth another should not guess? [*Goes to table Left.*]

RICHARD: [*Thoughtfully.*] What strange resemblance in your voices.

ELIZABETH: [*Standing Left of table in light of lamp and looking at him.*] And see you no other resemblance?

RICHARD: [*Looking startled.*] Why, you—you are—

ELIZABETH: Elizabeth, Cromwell's daughter, or Bet, the serving-maid, the hoyden, at your service, Sir, [*Courtesies.*]

RICHARD: You, Cromwell's daughter! My God! [*Controls himself.*] But why did you assume the guise of a serving-maid?

ELIZABETH: To while away a summer afternoon. An idle fancy. Are you displeased to see me changed?

RICHARD: I know not what to say. Forgive a soldier, a courtier would have thought of twenty pretty things to say.

ELIZABETH: And the soldier cannot think of one?

RICHARD: How could I have been so blind? I was
ashamed of my low fancy, as I thought it, but now
—— [*Hesitates.*]

ELIZABETH: But now——

RICHARD: But now, I am proud of it, for though my reason was befooled, my heart was not deceived by your disguise.

ELIZABETH: You need envy courtier's speech no longer; you have done even better.

RICHARD: Then is the truth better, for this be the truth. Never before fancied I a maid and now my soul is filled with the counterfeit of one. Ah, dear, dear lady, thou art—— [*Goes impetuously towards her.*]

ELIZABETH: [*Startled by his ardent manner, retires, courtesying.*] Elizabeth Cromwell.

RICHARD: Cromwell's daughter—oh, I had forgotten—Cromwell's daughter. Why, of the daughters of all men, should you have been his daughter? It were better far had you been the poor serving-maid and not his daughter—not his daughter.

ELIZABETH: [*Startled by his violence, but proudly.*] What dishonor clings to my father's name? I am an honest man's child and am proud of it.

RICHARD: [*Recovering himself.*] You misunderstand my meaning, I do assure you. How could one placed so low as I dare look with love upon the daughter of the highest in England?

ELIZABETH: I myself am but country bred, as you have said you were.

RICHARD: But still the daughter of the ruler of Great Britain. I dare not.

ELIZABETH: I had held a better opinion of a soldier's courage. [*With enthusiasm.*] If I were a man, I would have been a soldier. Oh, to storm the enemy's camp at the head of brave followers—swinging sword on high, to feel the joy and hear the shouts

of victory, to return home crowned with glory—often have I lived it in my dreams. A soldier's life for me!

RICHARD: [*Earnestly.*] But it is not at all like that.

ELIZABETH: Not like that! Well, what is it like then?

RICHARD: [*With serious feeling.*] It is giving up all that graces life and brutalizing all better instincts; it means endless marches through broiling heat, rain, or frost and snow; it means sickness without one to care for you; it means burning villages, outrage, starvation, thirst, and in battle a murderous intent after the desire to run away has been fought down. It means lying deserted, perhaps, and wounded, suffering agonies of thirst and exposed to the marauders who infest the battle-field. It is not a pretty picture, but a true one of a soldier's life.

ELIZABETH: [*Thoughtfully and tears in her voice.*] I did not understand. My father would never speak of it to me.

RICHARD: You have a tender heart, dear lady, and if the true devotion of— [*Stopping himself.*] 'Twere a fool's paradise—and yet as I look on you, I could almost forget all—all. [*Goes toward her.*]

SERVANT: [*Enters main entrance, interrupting.*] A man named Perkins desires to see you, sir. His message requires haste, he says.

RICHARD: Tell him I—

ELIZABETH: [*Going toward door Left.*] I shall retire, I can no longer delay. Fare you well, Sir, and remember, "Faint heart"— [*Courtesies and exits Left.*]

RICHARD: [*To servant.*] Admit the man. [*Servant exits. Pacing back and forth.*] My God, I love his daughter. The daughter of the man whom I

fought to destroy. What shall I do? I cannot strike at him with the love of his daughter within my heart, nor can I give myself to her hating the father. Oh, had I but not accepted this position, all this would have been spared me. [*Throws himself in chair Left, buries face in hands. Enter Ambrose in citizen's attire; he touches Richard on shoulder. Richard starts and rises.*]

AMBROSE: Are we unobserved here? Can I speak freely?

RICHARD: Yes.

AMBROSE: I have come at great risk to myself, as Lord Richmond has been seized, his papers which give important information as to our movements will fall into Cromwell's hands. The king's friends are closely watched, the net is drawn tighter every day. Neither can you hope to remain unrecognized more than a few days at the utmost. Wildhorse Dick's flight will be reported and you will be traced here. Some unforeseen accident may even expose you any moment. So far not one has conceived your bold act as possible.

RICHARD: No doubt you are right. I should not have come here.

AMBROSE: We have but one chance now. If we fail, we must leave England to wait until a time of quiet has made the police and spies careless and less vigilant.

RICHARD: What do you propose?

AMBROSE: We are well informed that after Cromwell's return from a ride, the guard that followed him returns to barracks and there is a brief time before the relief arrives. During this period the palace is almost unguarded. We shall ascertain the time of his return from one of his trips, which it is his cus-

tom to undertake on certain days, this being one of them. Do you follow me?

RICHARD: Yes, go on.

AMBROSE: A carriage shall be waiting near the rear entrance. A few trusty men will enter the palace, seize upon the Protector's person and take him away. The plan is certain of success, but someone inside the palace must admit us at the rear postern, the only entrance that we can use unnoticed.

RICHARD: And have you found someone?

AMBROSE: Yes, you must do it.

RICHARD: I? And if you seize Cromwell and he resists desperately, what then?

AMBROSE: Then we will—— [*Shrugging his shoulders.*] He can only blame himself and perhaps it were best that way.

RICHARD: And Cromwell secured, what follows then?

AMBROSE: Relays are posted to carry the news to the coast, and thence to the king in France. A rising is prepared in the southern shores. Charles will be proclaimed, and Cromwell once out of the way there will be no organized resistance. Sh!

ANNE: [*Entering main entrance.*] A letter, Richard, I was to place in your hands in confidence for delivery.

RICHARD: [*Looks at address.*] It is for you, Father. [*To Anne, in low tone.*] Do you not recognize Father Ambrose?

ANNE: [*Kneels and receives benediction; rises.*] I did not in this garb. I trust that you are not venturing into danger, Richard.

RICHARD: Fear not, dear Anne, you do not understand these matters.

ANNE: I understand this much, that Cromwell and his kin have been exceeding kind to us and I would not see harm come to them. I like not these plots, little as I know of them.

RICHARD: Have you forgotten our father's violent death, and what I undertook that night to do?

ANNE: I could never forget that night. 'Twas an awful misfortune of war, a murder done, perhaps to avenge a private grudge. I have thought much about it and hold Cromwell blameless.

AMBROSE: [*Who has been reading letter.*] Your tender heart, daughter, inclines you to mercy; but you must leave these matters to men, to persons of ripe judgment.

ANNE: Willingly would I do so. Richard, dear brother, be not rash. I am very anxious for thee and have been these years, when thou hast ever been in danger. Good-night, Father. [*Kneels for benediction; rises.*] Good-night, dear brother.

RICHARD: Good-night, my own dear sister. [*Anne exits main entrance.*]

AMBROSE: This letter from Lady Claire gives the information desired, and supplies the link in the chain. Eight o'clock to-night is the appointed hour for Cromwell's return. As soon as he has entered his apartment you must admit us.

RICHARD: I like not this work of night. Find someone else to do it.

AMBROSE: Impossible, would you hesitate now after seeking for all these years to destroy this man? If you fail us the opportunity is lost. If nothing else move you, I demand that you do this, demand it by your loyalty to the king.

RICHARD: Never was man placed in position more difficult.

AMBROSE: What has come over you, Richard. I fail to comprehend the change, but I must destroy this letter at once. I may be searched when going out. [*Goes to table Left. Is about to burn letter when Treat enters from Right with lighted candelabrum and sets it on table Right. Ambrose hides letter under book on table Left. Treat goes to table Right, looking over papers.*]

AMBROSE: I must away now. The letter is hidden under the book on the table. Make sure you destroy it—the life and honor of a woman depend upon it. Remember, we depend on you. By all that is dear and sacred to you, I entreat you do not fail us in this hour. [*Exits main entrance. Richard is about to take letter from under book.*]

TREAT: There is one more letter to dispatch, and as he would not trust an ordinary messenger, his Excellency desires you to deliver same with his compliments. [*Hands Richard letter and sits at table Right.*]

RICHARD: I will deliver it with all haste. [*Makes second attempt to take letter when Duncan enters main entrance. Richard exits main entrance.*]

DUNCAN: Where is his Excellency? I would speak to him.

TREAT: His Excellency has issued strict orders that he be not disturbed.

DUNCAN: I am sure this night will be full of strange events. I have reports that a move will be made by the conspirators and orders have just been issued that all passing the guard shall be searched, leaving or entering the palace.

TREAT: Ah, Duncan, what a deal you know.

DUNCAN: This is all due to Oliver Cromwell's damnable leniency, or the conspirators would have fled the country or graced a halter ere this. He is no longer our God-inspired leader, nor a friend to godly men.

TREAT: I may not listen to such talk about his Excellency.

DUNCAN: Remember this, Master Treat: Though I talk freely, I do my soldier's duty. I am on guard to-night. [*Exits main entrance.*]

TREAT: Well, well, my work is finished and not with undue haste, nor have I lingered over it more than care demanded. I will now to rest. [*Goes to table Left, takes lamp and exits Right. The room is almost quite dark. Richard enters cautiously main entrance, looks about and listens at door, takes lighted candelabrum, goes to table Left, looking for letter.*]

DUNCAN: [*Enters quietly at main entrance and stands watching Richard. As Richard is about to thrust the letter in flame of candle, Duncan aims pistol and says, "Drop that!"*]

RICHARD: [*Starts.*] The life and honor of a woman depend upon it. [*Thrusts letter in flame, and holds it steadily. Duncan fires. Richard falls back into chair. Duncan takes letter from his hand. Enter quickly Cromwell, Elizabeth, Treat (with lamp) and guard. Richard recovers himself and slowly rises, holding his hand to arm where he is wounded.*]

CROMWELL: What means this? Speak, Richard.

DUNCAN: Well may your Excellency ask. I warned you against this man, you cannot gainsay that. Look at him, there he stands. Look at him, sir, the traitor.



ACT III.—ELIZABETH TAKING LETTER FROM DUNCAN.

Here the proof of his damnable guilt, taken from his hand as he was about to destroy it.

CROMWELL: Give me the letter. [*Is about to take letter from Duncan when Elizabeth steps between and takes it.*]

CROMWELL: Elizabeth, my daughter, what means this?

ELIZABETH: [*In a low voice, eyes lowered.*] Father, this letter is mine. 'Twas sent by me that Richard might come to meet me here.

CROMWELL: Elizabeth, my daughter, a traitor——

ELIZABETH: No, father, not that—— [*Cromwell looks long into Elizabeth's eyes, she into his and then lowers hers. Cromwell holds out his hand for the letter, which Elizabeth slowly gives him. All are watching Cromwell as he looks at letter, especially Duncan.*]

CROMWELL: [*His face showing to audience that he recognizes writing.*] This is a matter of private

import entirely. [*Turning to Richard.*] Information has reached me, however, that you, Richard Maynard, are not free from suspicion as a plotter against the state, therefore I decree that you be banished this country, and if found within this Commonwealth after four days from this, a price be on your head, and anyone may take your life without let or hindrance. Go, sir. [*Turns to table. Richard goes and in passing stops before Elizabeth as if to speak to her. She draws herself up and looks at him disdainfully. Richard drops his head in shame and exits slowly.*]

CROMWELL: Leave me, all of you, except you my daughter. [*Seats himself at table Right. After all are gone Elizabeth goes slowly to Cromwell.*]

ELIZABETH: Father, what I said to you was false—I lied to save his life—yes, I lied, father. [*Falls at Cromwell's feet.*] I could not help it; something stronger than all else drove me to it. Father, father, I lied because I loved him. Oh, father, forgive me. [*Her arms on Cromwell's lap and head on her arms she cries and talks hysterically.*]

CROMWELL: [*Stroking her hair.*] My poor Bess, poor Bess, I understand.

ELIZABETH: Father—father, forgive me—forgive me. [*Sobbing.*]

CROMWELL: Ask forgiveness, child, of neither man nor woman. Pray God forgive us both.



ACT IV.

Scene: The garden front of Cromwell's house at Huntingdon. The house stands across stage at rear. Rustic table, with chairs, at Left and large rustic bench at Right.

Time: Eight days later; late in the afternoon. [*At rise of curtain Treat is seated at table, taking notes.*]

CROMWELL: [*Dictating, and walking up and down.*]
To the keeper of the Tower, London, These: Sir: Your report I have received as to the capture of certain conspirators. I also note that the disguised Jesuit priest, Ambrose, made good his escape. This matter I will see thoroughly investigated and shall demand strict accounting for. As to the other prisoners recently taken, see that they be strictly watched. [*Signs letter.*]

SERVANT: [*Entering from house.*] Colonel Pendleton has but just arrived and desires speech with your Excellency.

CROMWELL: I will see him here now. [*Servant exits into house. Cromwell to Treat.*] Have you report from the secret police answering my inquiries as to Captain Duncan?

TREAT: An investigation has been made; here is the report. [*Hands Cromwell paper.*]

CROMWELL: [*Reading.*] H'm, h'm—a wild soldier—H'm, h'm—killed Sir John Maynard of Yorkshire—I will read this carefully. [*Places letter in breast of coat. Enter Colonel Pendleton.*]

CROMWELL: Ah, Colonel Pendleton, what news from the North?

PENDLETON: Good news, your Excellency. The last resistance has been crushed. Peace is established throughout the land.

CROMWELL: At last! God be thanked! And the leader, Wildhorse Dick, has been captured?

PENDLETON: [*Hesitatingly.*] Your Excellency, Captain Richard Maynard escaped to the South.

CROMWELL: Escaped! [*Violently.*] Sir, I shall demand good reason for this. Did I not furnish you troopers in plenty? Yea, even more than you asked for, and you bragged that not one man should escape you—an empty boast indeed. Why am I not better served? To let the leader himself pass even through our own country. What— [*Stopping in his speech and thinking.*] Captain Dick Maynard—Richard Maynard—a singular coincidence of names—it could not be—and yet the very boldness of it. [*To Pendleton.*] This man called Wildhorse Dick; describe him.

PENDLETON: A man of good height and figure, most easily recognized by his hair, the color of which is—

CROMWELL: [*Quickly.*] Red.

PENDLETON: Yes, your Excellency.

CROMWELL: 'Tis the very man! Ha—ha. Traveling disguised under his own name! Ha—ha. The man fooled us well. He is to my liking. I could love the lad. [*To Pendleton.*] Leave us now and await further orders. [*Pendleton bows and exits into house. Cromwell to Treat.*] Know you aught as to Richard Maynard?

TREAT: He was last seen entering Epping Forest.

CROMWELL: Did you bid Lady Claire to meet me here,
Master Treat?

TREAT: Yes, your Excellency; she will be here within
the hour. [*Treat gathers up papers and goes into
house. Enter Elizabeth from house.*]

CROMWELL: My daughter, thou lookest ill. Hast thou
not rested well? [*Both sit on bench Right.*]

ELIZABETH: Father, I am very, very tired. I rest not
well; my sleep is troubled.

CROMWELL: Child, hast thou not laid thy burden be-
fore thy God? He alone can comfort thee and
grant thee peace.

ELIZABETH: Indeed, father, that have I tried to do;
most earnestly tried. [*Pause.*] To love a man
without faith in him, it makes me deeply ashamed.
Then at times I doubt the evidence of my senses
and ask myself, "Art thou sure that he be false,
that he be a traitor?" And then, father, I would
still have faith in him, and thus between love and
faith and distrust and shame I waver.

CROMWELL: [*Taking Elizabeth in his arms.*] Let me
assure thee, child, that in this, thy great trial, I would
hold thee fast to my bosom. Weep, my daughter,
resist not thy tears. I can offer naught but my
most loving sympathy. I know not how nor why it
was, but when thou wert still a babe and couldst
not talk, and I entered the room, thou wouldst hold
out thy tiny arms to me and crow lustily, and as a
little toddler thou didst like best to walk with thy
daddy in the country lanes and whilst my thoughts
were on great things, thy childish prattle would follow
me like unconscious music. Thou didst not fear the
sternness of thy father's face, which kept off thy
brothers and sisters, God knows I love them well,
but through the rough shell, as if by subtle magic,

thy innocent eyes did look into my heart and thou didst nestle there content. Thus always hast thou been a dear companion to me, my tender, sweet, little Bess, and in the somber moods which oft oppress me, thy silent sympathy has brought me comfort. I would not have thee suffer thus, dear child, my poor, poor Bess.

ELIZABETH: Father, I feel that I am but a wicked girl to thus distress thee; I shall be brave, fear not. For am I not thy daughter and 'twere strange indeed had I not given to me a small part of thy great courage. Father, I will be brave. [*Enter Anne from house.*]

CROMWELL: Anne is coming; I leave you in her gentle care. Go thou and walk with her in the garden. [*To Anne.*] Good morning, Anne.

ANNE: Good morning, your Excellency.

CROMWELL: Within the hour I shall back to London, but first I must to the river to see our tenant there. [*To Anne.*] Mind you, tend her well. [*Elizabeth and Anne exit Right.*]

CROMWELL: [*Alone.*] I pray thy tired spirit, child, may soon find rest. [*Enter Lady Claire from house.*]

LADY CLAIRE: Your Excellency desires to speak with me?

CROMWELL: Yes. [*As if absorbed.*]

LADY CLAIRE: [*Growing a little nervous.*] And in what manner can I serve your Excellency?

CROMWELL: Be seated, Lady Claire. [*Lady Claire sits on bench Right. Cromwell sits at table Left.*] This is a rarely fine day.

LADY CLAIRE: Surely your Excellency did not bid me here to tell me that it be fine weather.

CROMWELL: I fear my wits were wool-gathering. Are you content with us, Lady Claire?

LADY CLAIRE: All have been most kind to me, your Excellency.

CROMWELL: And you do not wish to return to France?

LADY CLAIRE: 'Twere ungrateful to entertain such wish.

CROMWELL: There are those who would ingratiate themselves with us but do not hesitate to visit our enemies in France.

LADY CLAIRE: [*On guard.*] Such conduct were treachery indeed.

CROMWELL: As a friend 'twill please your ladyship to learn that the late conspiracies have failed and many of the conspirators have been seized.

LADY CLAIRE: May your Excellency's enemies meet just punishment.

CROMWELL: I am much puzzled as to the manner in which they obtained private information known only to a few members of our household.

LADY CLAIRE: Surely your Excellency knows, that servants are often given to listening behind closed doors; through some faithless servant your enemies may have gained knowledge.

CROMWELL: The servants cannot write and written information has been given out. [*Lady Claire does not answer, a frightened look passes over her face, she pulls herself together.*]

CROMWELL: Your ladyship is silent.

LADY CLAIRE: I have been thinking who might be capable of so dastardly an act.

CROMWELL: A person we would not have to go far to find, perhaps. [*Pause.*] But 'twere more important to us to find out to whom the information had been given.

LADY CLAIRE: I understand, your Excellency.

CROMWELL: [*Taking paper from breast of coat.*] This list of names of the persons seized, found in Lord Richmond's possession, I would read to your ladyship.

LADY CLAIRE: [*Rising.*] I fail to see to what purpose your Excellency would read these names to me.

CROMWELL: [*Rising.*] It might appear that you had met one or the other in France and seen him about the palace. I will read the names. [*Lady Claire braces herself. Cromwell pretends to consider paper, but watches Lady Claire.*] I see now 'twere useless, they be but lowly people, such as you could not have



ACT IV.—CROMWELL AND LADY CLAIRE.

met. [*Lady Claire looks relieved. After pause.*]
Excepting one or two. [*Lady Claire again anxious.*]
There is the Jesuit priest, Father Ambrose. [*Lady Claire starts.*] A bold and able man he was, but he swore he would not be taken alive, resisted arrest and is—— [*Pauses.*]

LADY CLAIRE: [*Staring wildly at Cromwell.*] Dead!

CROMWELL: [*Smiling grimly.*] I said not so. [*Looks at Lady Claire, who stares at him. Then, as if to himself.*] I have found the man. Lady Claire 'tis you who gave the information to our enemies and conspired against us in our very household. You believed to blind us with fulsome flattery to the treachery you practiced. Had you but so low an opinion of our intelligence?

LADY CLAIRE: [*Kneels.*] Do with me as you will, I care not. Tell me only this—Ambrose, is he dead?

CROMWELL: Your ladyship did not permit me to finish. He resisted arrest and is now in France, having made good his escape. [*Smiling grimly.*]

LADY CLAIRE: Oh—I—I— [*Controls herself by great effort.*] Your Excellency, I am in your power.

CROMWELL: Lady Claire I guessed the motive of your conduct; I could have your life, but wish it not—go back to France.

LADY CLAIRE: Your Excellency would let me go free?

CROMWELL: Yes—— [*Lady Claire goes toward him.*]
I would not be thanked—go now.

LADY CLAIRE: I—— [*Tries to speak but cannot; slowly exits into house.*]

CROMWELL: [*Looks after Lady Claire.*] An interesting woman. I would fain have kept her here. Her life I would not take, and to hold such a woman prisoner would require truly a staunch jailor—ha, ha. [*Exits Left.*]

ELIZABETH: [*Enters with Anne from Right.* [Let us rest here, dear Anne. [*They sit on bench Right.*] I liked thee from the first. Thine eyes are true and faithful. They are like thy brother's—but no, I would not speak of him. [*Elizabeth rises.*]

ANNE: [*Rising.*] Let me speak of him, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: Stop Anne; I will not listen. If thou valuest my friendship, do not speak to me of him again.

ANNE: Dear Elizabeth, I can but speak of him. [*Enter Barbara from Right.*]

BARBARA: Good day to you, ladies. [*Elizabeth runs into Barbara's arms.*] Ah, my dear young lady, where are the roses in your cheeks? Come, dearie, sit beside me, and rest your head upon my breast. [*Elizabeth and Barbara sit on bench, Anne sits at table Left.*]

ELIZABETH: Oh, nursie, you are so good to me; your kindness makes me soft and I would be strong and brave now.

BARBARA: Oh, my poor dearie, my poor dearie.

ELIZABETH: [*Rising.*] Do not pity me, for God's sake, do not pity me; I want no one's pity. [*After a pause.*] Tell me, dear nursie, what has happened of late at the inn?

BARBARA: Well, we see many folk coming and going, but there is little news now; the country is so quiet. Let me see if I cannot think of aught to entertain you.

ELIZABETH: Do, nursie dear.

BARBARA: Yesterday a strolling troupe of players passed through. The people were desperately poor. These times have been hard on player folk.

ELIZABETH: I remember seeing once enacted a play, written by a man named Shakespeare, it was called

Romeo and Juliet. 'Tis a very sad tale of unfortunate love, but the words were full of rare beauty and touched us all deeply. Have you naught else to tell about, nursie?

BARBARA: A week ago a man came to the inn, wounded and sick, and out of his senses with the fever. He half wore a white wig as disguise. I took him in and nursed him.

ELIZABETH: My tender-hearted Barbara.

ANNE: And was the man unknown to you?

BARBARA: I had seen him but once before.

ANNE: You are a kind-hearted soul, to be so good to a man a stranger to you.

ELIZABETH: Thou wouldst not wonder, Anne, if thou didst know Barbara as well as I.

BARBARA: He was a fine looking gentleman.

ELIZABETH: [*Playfully.*] Ah, Barbara, Barbara, 'twas ever a handsome face that could catch you, and I vow it was for his good looks that you did take him in.

BARBARA: [*Rising first, then Elizabeth and Anne.*] Stop your teasing, child; the poor man suffered not from the wound and fever alone, but from some deep trouble of the soul.

ANNE: Poor man, poor man.

BARBARA: Yesterday morning he opened his wide eyes and for the first time they looked at me clearly, and rested long upon me, until I felt most creepy, and then he said, so strange-like, "Thou art Barbara, who keeps the inn near Huntingdon," and I said, "At your service, Sir," and then, strangest of all, he said, "Art thou not the friend of Elizabeth Cromwell?"

ELIZABETH: [*Startled.*] He did say that?

BARBARA: And I said to the gentleman, "Not so much

honor for me, but I was the lady's nurse, and love her well. She be now at Huntingdon."

ELIZABETH: [*Excitedly.*] Barbara, tell me instantly, who is the man?

BARBARA: Be not so impatient, child; wouldst spoil my story?

ELIZABETH: Thou art but torturing me. Speak, Barbara, I demand of thee, who is this man?

BARBARA: I know not his name, but he is the one on whom you waited in your mad prank that day at the inn.

ELIZABETH: Richard Maynard.

ANNE: My brother!

BARBARA: [*To Elizabeth.*] Dear Lady, 'twas your name that was ever on his lips as he lay there burning with fever, and he asked me to beg of you that you see him, so he might speak of what weighs upon his mind.

ANNE: Dear Elizabeth, grant my brother this.

ELIZABETH: No more of this, Barbara; and you, too, Anne, if you would not both anger me. [*Richard enters from Right. He appears very weak. He wears a white wig and cloak as disguise, which he takes off as he enters, and when he sits places them on table Left.*]

ANNE: [*Runs to Richard and supports him.*] My poor, dear brother.

BARBARA: Why did you leave the inn, Sir. [*Anne and Barbara assist Richard to chair Left.*]

RICHARD: Peter, returning from the village, reported a troop of horse halting there and overheard that they were bound for the inn. I feared they would search the place, and not knowing where else to go, I came

here. [*Rises—to Elizabeth.*] I could not flee from England without first seeing you. I would tell you the truth about that miserable night.

ELIZABETH: I cannot listen to you; presume not upon what I did, I would have done the same for another. What matters it what I think of you? [*Change of tone.*] Do not tarry, the troopers may follow you here—go, go.

RICHARD: I will not go until you have heard me; rather would I die. Do you think my life worth living? That night, after leaving the palace, I stopped at a friend's house who urged upon me the disguise I wore but now; then I sought safety in the forest. I wandered in the woods until with pain and utter weariness, I sank upon the ground, but not to rest. My feverish fancy was filled with hideous forms that mocked me and called me—"Spy, traitor," and the burning scorn of your eyes did penetrate my brain with hideous anguish until I would cry out in my sleep, and thus rouse myself to suffering wakefulness—for the grim outlines of the forest trees assumed living shapes that drew nearer and nearer to me, crying, "Spy, traitor." The night passed, I know not how, and as the morning dawned and life woke and with it all the voices of the forest, they too, seemed to call me "Spy, traitor." I wandered on, not knowing where, but with a burning thought that I must find you somewhere, that I might justify myself.

ELIZABETH: I can listen no longer; stop, stop—go before they come and find you here—oh, go.

ANNE: Listen to him, Elizabeth, I beg of you.

BARBARA: I will see that no one enters. [*Barbara exits Right.*]

ELIZABETH: Oh, what would my father think of me?

RICHARD: Then for his sake listen to me. [*Simply.*]
Once did I save his life.

ELIZABETH: I will listen. [*Sits at table Left.*]

RICHARD: Ten years ago I fought with Prince Rupert on Marston moor against the Parliament; I was a mere beardless boy then. Fleeing from the field, some of Cromwell's troopers pursued me to my father's house, and while I was in hiding, seized upon that dear old man and shot him.

ELIZABETH: [*Rising.*] Oh!

RICHARD: I would have followed the rascals, but Father Ambrose showed me the folly of it and implored me to avenge my father's death by striking down Cromwell. Since that time I have fought the Parliament until all resistance failed, and 'twas then on my way to France I met you.

ELIZABETH: Yes, at Barbara's inn; go on.

RICHARD: You know how I entered your father's service. 'Twas unwillingly I did so, but urged by Father Ambrose I consented. A conspiracy was on foot to seize your father. I was asked to admit the conspirators to the palace; implored to do it by my loyalty to the king. I fought against that demand.

BARBARA: [*Entering from Right.*] They are coming, you must leave at once.

ELIZABETH: You cannot flee, it is too late. Assume your disguise and go into the house.

RICHARD: [*Putting on disguise.*] I would rather leave the place at any risk than bring you trouble. [*Anne and Barbara forcing Richard into house.*]

ELIZABETH: Go quickly; they dare not injure Cromwell's daughter. [*Richard enters house.*]

BARBARA: They come.

DUNCAN: [*Entering with four troopers. His entire appearance denotes mental aberration.*] A fugitive from justice is hidden somewhere about here, Mistress Elizabeth, have you seen him?

ELIZABETH: Cromwell's house were a strange place, forsooth, for a fugitive to hide about. You will have to look elsewhere. [*To Barbara.*] Quick, go bring my father; he went toward the river. [*Barbara exits Left.*]

DUNCAN: Our hounds have tracked the man here from the inn, and hereabout he must be. Men, enter the house and search it.

ELIZABETH: [*Standing on steps of house.*] Soldiers, in Cromwell's, my father's name, I forbid you searching the house. He will be here presently, and to him will I be answerable.

DUNCAN: Mind not the girl, but obey your orders, men.

ELIZABETH: This is my father's ground and once more I, his daughter, command that you retire.

DUNCAN: Thy father not here, I owe allegiance to no one; but he himself will not much longer command the faithful, for he is not the man who once led us against the Ammonites and Moabites, but has become a traitor to the cause of the Lord.

ELIZABETH: [*Descends from steps.*] How dare you speak thus of my father. Leave on this instant, for should he return and hear you, you would find good reason to repent your bold words.

DUNCAN: I would speak as freely to him as to you, for I dare anything in the Lord's service, for he has chosen me to be his prophet in Israel.

ELIZABETH: Thou art a wicked blasphemer.

DUNCAN: God's voice is speaking through me.

ELIZABETH: It is not God's voice; the evil spirit has taken possession of you, Duncan.

DUNCAN: Thou child of Belial, darest thou accuse the anointed of the Lord. Beware or his wrath will descend upon thee.



ACT IV.—DUNCAN AND ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH: Oh that my father were here to chastise thee for thy presumption.

DUNCAN: I fear him no longer, he is a man fallen from grace.

ELIZABETH: You would judge my father! Why, you are not worthy to lace his shoe strings.

DUNCAN: Beware woman, that I be not compelled to lay violent hands on you.

ELIZABETH: Stop, man, you are mad. [*Richard enters from house, remains on steps.*]

DUNCAN: Aye, mad I may be, but clearly I see the faithful have been too long patient. Their time has come and their flaming sword shall slay all but the true believers. Woe to those false men and hypocrites who would make peace with the soldiers of Anti-Christ. They shall all wither in the furnace of His wrath. Ah, clearly I see now 'tis my mission. Thou art thy father's favorite child, through thee would the Lord strike him, and I, Duncan, His prophet, am called to be His executioner. Prepare thyself, for thou must die. [*Draws a dagger and is about to throw himself upon Elizabeth when Richard, unarmed, steps between them. He has on the white wig and the cloak he has worn as a disguise, and resembles greatly in appearance and attitude his father, as he stood before Duncan in Act I.*]

RICHARD: Stand back!

DUNCAN: [*Stares.*] Sir John Maynard! Oh! I did not—I did not kill—I— [*He gasps, clutches at his heart and totters backward. Two soldiers catch him and assist him out at Right.*]

RICHARD: [*Turning to Elizabeth.*] Why did he call my father's name? [*Takes off disguise.*]

ELIZABETH: I do not understand. He looked as if he saw a fearful apparition.

RICHARD: [*To Anne.*] Go thou, dear Anne, follow the soldiers, and warning give should they venture on return. [*Anne exits, with a smile and a look full of meaning at Richard and Elizabeth. Richard, after a moment's pause, to Elizabeth.*] Is there aught else you would know of me, dear lady?

ELIZABETH: I were ungrateful now, indeed, to doubt your loyalty; still would I know as to the letter you were about to destroy that night.

RICHARD: Ah, yes—that letter—— [*Hesitates.*]

ELIZABETH: Well!

RICHARD: Believe me, the letter was not mine, but left in trust with me by one who charged me to destroy it to save a woman's life and honor. More I may not say.

ELIZABETH: And you were ready to sacrifice your life for a woman who was nothing to you?

RICHARD: 'Twas a sacred trust, and perhaps my new love had made me tender of woman. [*Is silent.*]

ELIZABETH: And is that all you would say to me?

RICHARD: No, this more would I say before I leave you, perhaps never to look upon your face again. I did not seek my place in your father's service and I had bitterly hated him, but growing to understand his greatness and the depth of his generous nature, I have learned to honor him; and one thing more—I love you, Elizabeth Cromwell. I shall always love you.

ELIZABETH: Oh, could I be but sure.

RICHARD: I believed at one time that I was not indifferent to you, but——

ELIZABETH: Do you remember what I once said to you about faint heart——

RICHARD: Elizabeth, you— you—don't mean——

ELIZABETH: [*Archly.*] I mean that the saying is as true now as it was a week ago.

RICHARD: Elizabeth! [*Goes toward her.*]

ELIZABETH: No, no! [*She evades him.*]

RICHARD: I never loved woman but thee.

ELIZABETH: Ah, you forget Bet, the serving-maid.

RICHARD: Oh, I loved but thee in her. When didst thou first love me? [*Goes to her; she evades him again.*]

ELIZABETH: When did I ever say I loved thee and how canst thou thus presume?



ACT IV.—ELIZABETH AND RICHARD.

RICHARD: Then say so now. [*Takes Elizabeth's hand.*]

ELIZABETH: Well—I—

RICHARD: Go on, go on.

ELIZABETH: Oh, how beautiful the day!

RICHARD: The day is fine, but thou hast not said it.

ELIZABETH: Not said what?

RICHARD: I love thee.

ELIZABETH: I know thou dost.

RICHARD: Ah, thou shalt not escape me. Now say:
Richard——

ELIZABETH: Richard——

RICHARD: I——

ELIZABETH: I——

RICHARD: Love thee.

ELIZABETH: Of course, my knight, with all my heart
I love thee truly. [*As they embrace Cromwell enters
and observes them, smiling grimly.*]

CROMWELL: Elizabeth! [*Richard and Elizabeth start
apart.*]

ELIZABETH: [*Throwing herself in her father's arms.*]
Oh, Father! Father!

CROMWELL: [*To Richard.*] What means this, why are
you here?

RICHARD: Having o'erstayed my allotted time I surren-
der myself to you.

ELIZABETH: Father, he has but now saved my life, step-
ping unarmed between me and Duncan, who would
have slain me in wild frenzy. As Duncan looked
upon him, disguised, he called on Richard's father,
clutched at his heart and fell in a sudden faint.

ANNE: [*Enters.*] Your Excellency. Captain Duncan
has just died.

CROMWELL: Wonderful are Thy ways, oh Lord! [*To
Richard.*] You saved my daughter's life, Sir, as
well as my own. I thank you with a father's deepest
love. In common gratitude I can but grant you free-
dom.

RICHARD: But before I accept aught at your hands, I would have you know, Sir, who I am.

CROMWELL: I know. You are Richard Maynard.

RICHARD: Yes, but——

CROMWELL: Son of Sir John Maynard in Yorkshire.

RICHARD: [*Astounded.*] Your Excellency—your knowledge——

CROMWELL: The bold colonel of Dick Maynard's wild horse, called Wild Horse Dick.

RICHARD: [*Confounded.*] I have no more to say, your Excellency.

CROMWELL: This Captain Duncan, now dead, I have learned of late was the brutal soldier who murdered your father.

RICHARD: Now I understand.

ELIZABETH: [*To Cromwell.*] And I would have a word now, father.

CROMWELL: Well, daughter.

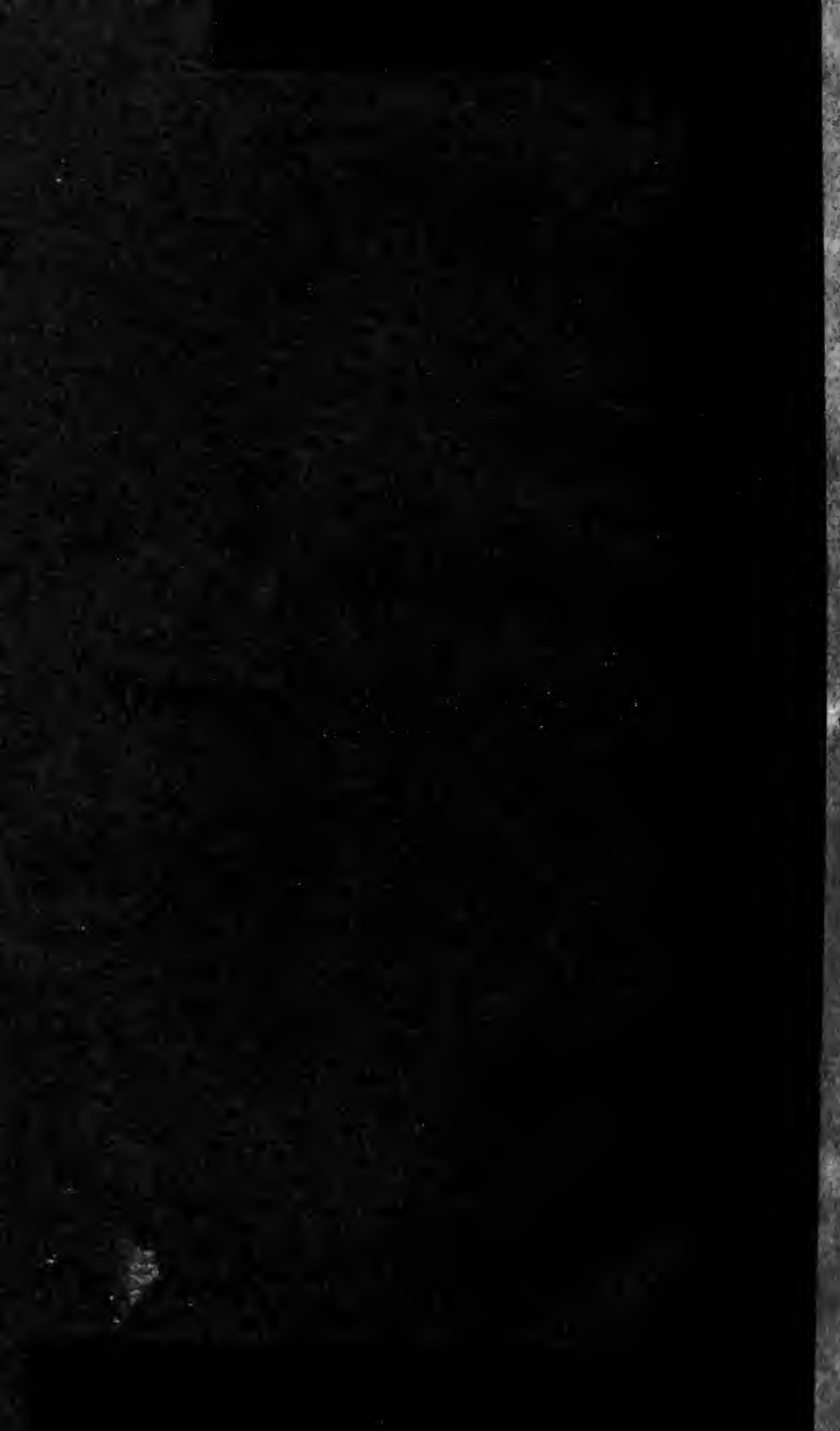
ELIZABETH: I have but this to say: Richard, he loves me, and I, father, I—— [*Looks down shyly and hides her face against her father's breast.*]

CROMWELL: A free confession, Bess, but hardly a surprise to me. Richard Maynard, you are a man of good family, but above all, a true man yourself. Into no man's keeping would I rather give my daughter. Go now, rest and regain your strength. You shall join our navy. This late conspiracy forgotten, then may you return and claim your love. [*Elizabeth in Cromwell's arms, Richard goes to Anne.*]

[THE END.]

APR 10 1901





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 937 853 6